Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 99.—Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 25, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by] **Miss Lois Lister-Kaye** [*Picture Press Agency*

Who was married last Thursday to Captain Lord Oxmantown, at Clumber. The bride is a niece of the Duke of Newcastle, and the marriage was celebrated in the beautiful church which the Duke erected a few years ago close to Clumber House

No. 99.—Vol. VIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS. THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

EMPIRE THEATRE (Leicester Square).— EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (doors open 8) THE BUGLE CALL, an Original Divertissement, A REVUE. Excerpt from MADAME SHERRY. Supported by a Specially Selected Programme. MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"The Spider's Eye." By William Le Queux. (Cassell: 6s.

"Moscow: A Story of the French Invasion of 1812." By Fred Wishaw. (Longmans: 6s.)

"John Carruthers." By Sir Edmund C. Cox, Bart. (Cassell: 3s. 6d.)

"Saints in Society." By Mrs. Baillie-Saunders. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"Bridget's Quarter-deck." By Amy Le Feuvre. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"Captains All.' By W. W. Jacobs. (Hodder and toughton: 3s. 6d.)

"A Bevy of Girls." By L. T. Meade. (W. and R. Chambers: 6s.)

"The Benefactor." By F. M. Hueffer. (Brown, Langham: 6s.)

"The Irrational Knot." By Bernard Shaw. (Constable: 6s.)

"Display." By R. C. S. Spender. (John Lane: 6s.)

"The House of Mirth." By E. Wharton.. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"As Dust in the Balance." By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"The Professor's Legacy." By Mrs. A. Sidgwick. (Arnold: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Mr. Punch's Children's Book." By E. V. Lucas. Illustrated by Olga Morgan. (*Punch* Office: 6s.)

"The Mother." By Norman Duncan. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)

"I. N. R. I.: A Prisoner's Story of the Cross." By Peter Rosegger. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"Chambers' Effective Reciter." By R. C. H. Morison. (W. and R. Chambers: 2s. 6d.)

"The Hippopotamus Book." By Lily Schofield. (Treherne: 1s. 6d.)

"The Wallypug Book." By G. E. Farrow. (Treherne: 1s. 6d.)

"The Jack Book." By B. Furniss. (Treherne: 1s. 6d.)

"Ten Little Jappy Chaps." By E. E. Farrow. (Treherne: 1s. 6d.)

"No. 1 and the Others." By T. C. Archer. (Treherne: 1s. 6d.)

"Forbidden Fruit." By Mrs. J. Lane. (John Lane: 6d.)

"Underneath the Bough." By T. Thompson. (John Lane: 5s. net.)

"The House that Jack Built." By R. Rigby. (Treherne: 1s. 6d.)

"Two Years in the Antarctic." By Lieut. A. B. Armitage, R.N.R. (Arnold: 15s. net.)

"More Queer Things About Japan." By Douglas Sladen and N. Lorimer. (Treherne: 7s. 6d.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Random Jottings

Some people who share Mr. Carnegie's opinion about war being a foul blot, but at the same time realise what hardships universal peace would entail upon war correspondents, will be delighted with Mr. T. P. O'Connor's articles entitled, "Why There Wasn't a War." The name alone suggests infinite possibilities. No ingenious war correspondent or military expert need ever henceforward be out of work. The Hague Tribunal cannot injure them. For they can earn their living without any actual hostilities being carried on. Indeed, the absence of actual hostilities will be a distinct gain to them. When a war is really on, correspondents are usually hampered by it. They have to attend battles. Censors are down on them. Facts have to be interspersed in their reports. Imagination is cramped. Inaccuracies in descriptions of fights at which they were unable to be present are noted against them.

Prince Charles of Denmark

Who is reported to be the King-elect of Norway

Princess Charles of Denmark

An English Princess, who may be Queen of Norway

None of these considerations will hinder the reporter of the peaceful wars of the future. He will describe as he likes, "The War that Did Not Happen"; "The Franco-German Campaigns of 1905"; "With Loubet to Berlin"; "The Kaiser's Conquests (in Prose)"; or "Might-have-beens in the Baltic." It will not matter in the least if he differs from a fellow-reporter; or if his maps leave out a mountain-chain, or put in a river that doesn't exist. He will not need to verify the number of the slain. Every battle can be sanguinary. Important fortresses can fall daily. He can declare peace in the morning, and have it settled in time for an evening paper. It will be magnificent, and also not unlike a real war.

The Comte de la Vaulx's comparison between motoring and ballooning, which he considers is to be the sport of the future, may induce some motorists to try the change, but it will not, I fancy, persuade many. The Comte says ballooning is the less dangerous sport of the two, and so it may be. But where the balloon is dangerous is to the man in it, while in the case of the motor the danger is really only to the person who, being outside the motor, gets in the way of it. This gives a feeling of satisfaction to the motorist which the balloonist cannot have. The motorist knows that if an accident happens, it is the other person's fault, but the balloonist—if he knows anything at all after an accident—knows that it is his own fault. You cannot blame another person for being in the direct line of your fall from a height of two or three thousand feet. You may have hooted from that height, but, even so, you could not expect the man to attend to you.

Still, ballooning will, no doubt, make its way in good time. It is said to be good for consumptives, and I can well believe this. As ballooning goes at present, sufferers from back-ache, indigestion, eczema, rheumatism, lumbago, and nervous disorders would also find it gave them rapid relief. In this way ballooning may be regarded as a serious rival to patent pills, which do much harm. This is all in its favour. Its use in war-time, again, cannot be over-estimated. Several balloons containing officers, selected rather for their weight than for their capacity to pass competitive examinations, would, if sent up above a hostile force and then exploded, undoubtedly contribute to weaken the morale of the enemy. Mr. Arnold-Forster has recently stated that in two or three years the Army will be much stronger than it has ever been before. Perhaps he has some plan of this kind in his eye.

A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION FOR SPORTSMEN AND SPORTSWOMEN

Full particulars of our new Competition, for which we offer a Pony Car as First Prize, besides many money prizes, will be found on the inside of the back cover at the end of the paper

To give an exact definition of so perplexing a personage as the Kaiser, seems hitherto to have been beyond the power of the wit of the world. A plausible attempt, however, is made in the following *mot*, which reaches us from one who knows him well: "You see," he said, "it is like this. When the Kaiser goes a-christening, he would like to be the baby; when he goes to a wedding, he wishes to be the bride; and when he goes to a funeral, he desires to be the corpse."

Mr. Robinson's Trousseau

[*Letters from all parts of England continue to reach us from correspondents who are desirous of advising "Paterfamilias" on the proper cost of trousseaux.*—DAILY EXPRESS.]

Mr. Robinson had come home from his office in an excellent temper.

"If I were you," said Mrs. Robinson to Miranda after dinner, "I should seize the opportunity and ask father about your trousseau to-night."

"I will," said Miranda, "as soon as he comes up."

Singularly enough, Mr. Robinson himself was the first to lead up the subject.

"Well," he said, as soon as he entered the drawing-room, "and when are you and Fred going to marry, Miranda?"

Miranda blushed slightly.

"Why, father," she began, "as soon as—as——"

"They are only waiting," said Mrs. Robinson, quickly, "until you can afford to give Miranda the money for her trousseau. Miranda has been a good, patient girl. Fred will make a persevering barrister, as soon as he gets any briefs; and we must not forget that Ethel, Portia, Christabel, Jessica, and Jane are getting big girls, who will soon be becoming engaged themselves——"

"Well, well," said Mr. Robinson, good-naturedly, "how much will Miranda's trousseau cost?"

Miranda and her mother had agreed to name a hundred pounds, but Mr. Robinson's preternatural equanimity lured them on.

"I think a hundred and twenty would do, father," said Miranda, modestly.

"Wrong!" said Mr. Robinson, chuckling. "Wrong!"

Mother and daughter exchanged a glance of bewilderment.

"Wrong!" repeated Mr. Robinson. "It will cost forty-nine pounds nine shillings and elevenpence. In fact, I may say that it has cost it. I paid cash down——"

"What do you mean?" asked Miranda, almost alarmed.

"I mean," said Mr. Robinson, and he waved an *Express* playfully at his daughter. "I bought it myself this afternoon——"

"Bought it yourself?" echoed Mrs. Robinson.

"Bought it . . . where?" asked Miranda, in a tense voice.

"Well," said Mr. Robinson, triumphantly. "I began by trying some of the Regent Street shops . . ."

A faint hope struggled for a moment in Miranda's breast. "But I found," continued Mr. Robinson, "that they were too expensive, so I went on to the Edgware Road." Miranda turned pale.

"And what did you buy?" asked Mrs. Robinson faintly.

"Everything requisite for the young bride," said Mr. Robinson. "The names and prices of the articles necessary I had with me in this paper. I will read you a list if you like. It was compiled by a leading lady novelist."

"But——" said Mrs. Robinson.

There was, however, no stopping Mr. Robinson. He had already begun to read:

(*Continued on page 162*)

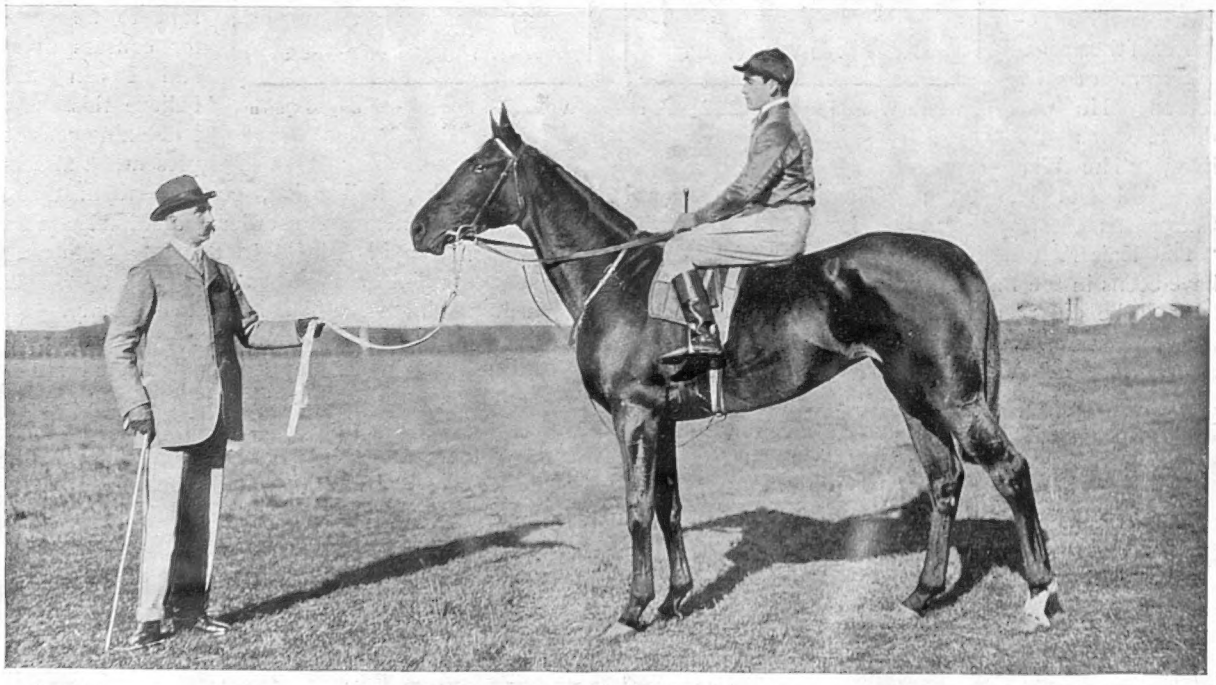


Photo by] "Hammerkop," winner of the Cesarewitch [*W. A. Rouch*

B. Dillon ("up") and Mr. P. Gilpin, the trainer. Major Eustace Loder's mare won the race after a keen finish with the lightly-weighted "Merry Andrew." "Hammerkop" started at 100 to 14 against

Nelson's Centenary: London Celebrations

The Crowd in Trafalgar Square

Nothing About Nelson!

Our readers will notice (and we are drawing attention to the fact in our contents bill) that this issue of THE BYSTANDER, unlike most of its contemporaries, does not consist, in the main, of pictures of Nelson and hashed-up reminders of Trafalgar. It is not that we are lacking in proper patriotism or respect for the memory of the great Admiral. That emotion we feel as acutely in this, the hundredth anniversary of his death, as we felt it last year on the ninety-ninth anniversary, and expect to feel it next year on the hundred-and-first. Our readers will note that, in the current issue we present them with a complete production of THE BYSTANDER for October 25, 1905, which is a remarkable specimen of the periodical literature of that period.

"Six nightgowns at 8*s.* 9*d.* Six chemises at 6*s.* Six pairs knickers at 4*s.* 9*d.* Six pairs cashmere stockings at 2*s.* 4*d.* Six camisoles at 3*s.* 11*d.* I did not know," said Mr. Robinson, cheerily, "what camisoles were, but the young woman at the shop seemed to understand. I hope they will be useful."

Miranda made no reply, but Mr. Robinson did not notice the omission, and read a list of the articles.

"These are all *lingerie*," he said, "and I had little or no difficulty with them. It was harder when I came to gowns and shoes. Your going-away dress, Miranda——"

"You don't mean to say—" began Mrs. Robinson, spiritedly.

"——Is a Venetian heliotrope cloth. The woman wanted to line it with silk, but I said flannel would be more sensible. Your *crêpe de chine* evening gown, again, ought—so the lady novelist said—to be pink, but they had no pink in stock——"

"What did you get then?" asked Mrs. Robinson. Miranda was beyond speech.

"I forget. It was snuffy coloured, I think. I insisted on its being a good wearing colour," said Mr. Robinson. "Two pounds ten is marked down for hats, but I found it was cheaper to spend the money on bonnets. A mink marmot coat I regarded as unnecessary, and fifteen shillings is too much for an umbrella. I bought a stout, serviceable one for half the money, and I have no doubt Fred will be glad to borrow it. Shoes and slippers—which the other shopmen wished to supply with pointed toes and high heels—I went to the 'Nature-form' place for, and I think you will find, Miranda, that they"—Mr. Robinson paused—"What is the matter now? Where are you going, Miranda?"

Miranda, who had burst into sobs and risen, stopped on her way to the door.

"I am g-g-going to write Fred a letter to say that I release him from our eng-g-gagement," she said, miserably. "I would sooner d-d-die than be married with such a t-t-trousseau! N-n-nature-form boots!" And with a gesture of mingled passion and despair, she went out, slamming the door behind her. . . .

When Mr. Robinson, in order to get Miranda out of the way, to make room for Ethel, Portia, Christabel, etc., did at length hand over a cheque for £100, he registered an internal vow that he would never again personally buy a trousseau for one of his daughters. It was, perhaps, a wise vow to make.

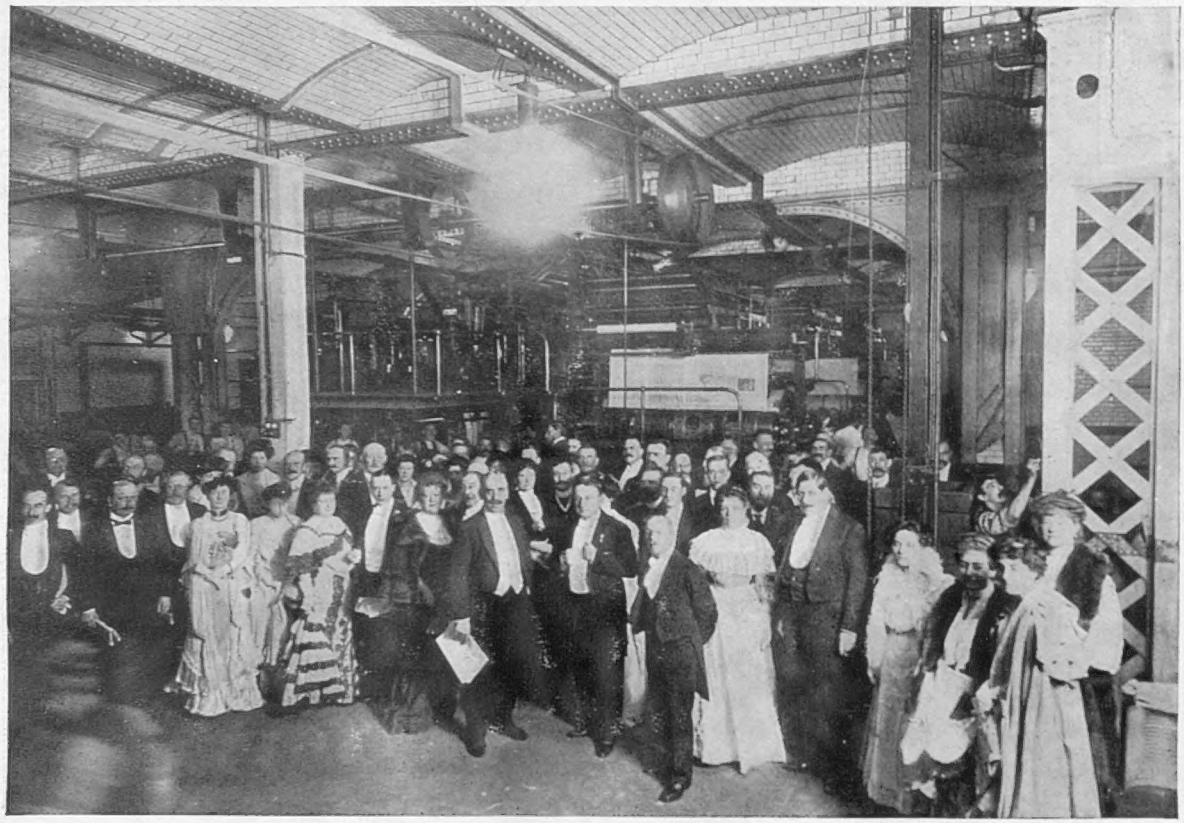


Photo by] **The "Telegraph" and the "Entente"** *Photo Press*

The members of the Paris Municipal Council at the printing works of the *Daily Telegraph* on Wednesday evening, October 18

The "Telegraph" and the "Entente"

Quite unrecognisable were the offices of the *Daily Telegraph*, in Fleet Street, last Wednesday night, when the Municipal Council of Paris was invited by Lord Burnham to view the mysteries of the production of a great daily. The well-known building, decked with flowers and carpeted in crimson, more resembled an hotel than the usually gaunt and bare, but eminently practical, habitation with which one usually associates a newspaper office. We wonder, by the way, if our French friends will go home with the idea that all the newspaper offices of Great Britain are habitually so sumptuous in their decoration and comfort. There were present about twelve hundred guests to meet the French visitors, including the chief Municipal and Parliamentary representatives of London.

The Topictator

(*The L.C.C. steamers "Geoffrey Chaucer" and "Samuel Pepys" collided off the Globe Stairs in a fog.*—DAILY PAPER)

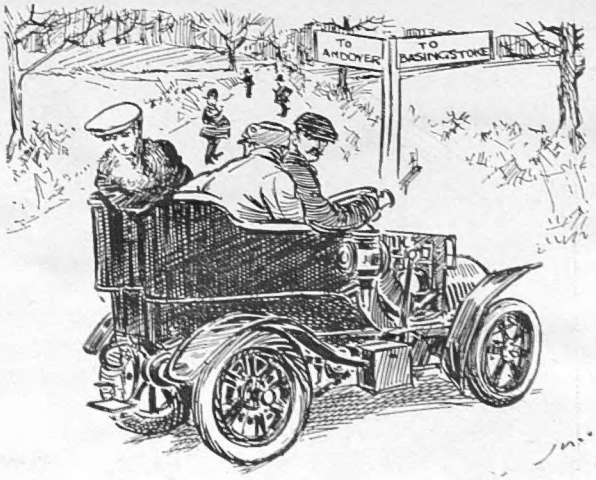
"Returning from dinner, somewhat befogged, ran full tilt against a merry fellow—one Chaucer. No harm done, and so home"

Encore l'Entente!

UNCLE SAM: "That's good, Teddy, but there's still a lot of work ahead of you!"

(*Overheard in Aldwych last Wednesday*)

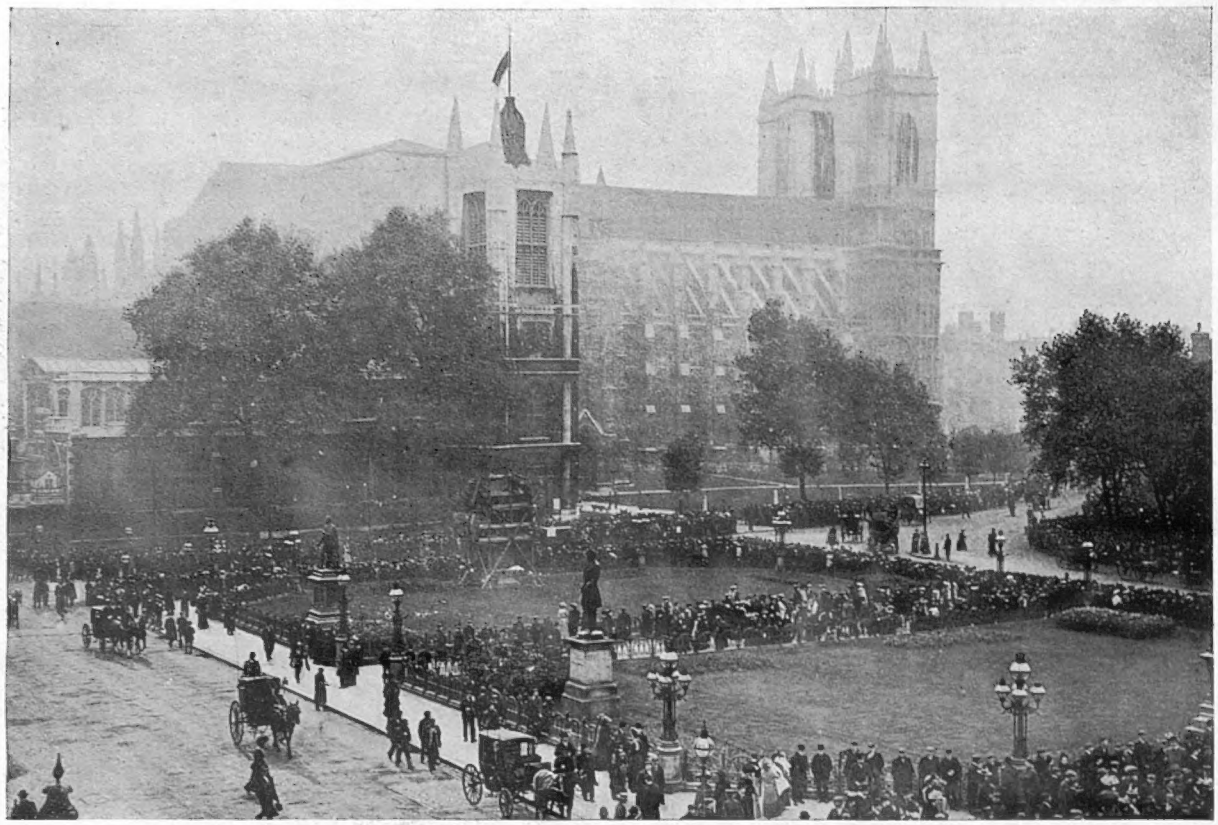
"Might—do—wors'n put—some of us—chaps—in the scrum—agenst them—Noo Zealanders"



"Which way?" "Need you ask?"

In retaliation for the persecution which they have suffered from the Andover Bench of Magistrates, motorists are boycotting the town. The result is a very serious loss of business to the tradespeople, most of the custom going to Whitchurch and Basingstoke

THE FUNERAL OF SIR HENRY IRVING



Crowds waiting outside the Abbey to watch the departure of the mourners

A remarkable gathering was that which a[ss]embled to pay the last respects to the memory of the late Sir Henry Irving. Among the mourners were numbered peers, judges, and counsel, names eminent in the worlds of the stage, of music, of art, of literature. The seats open to the public were filled early in the morning by ardent playgoers, "first nighters" and others, who cherish such tender memories of the old Lyceum days

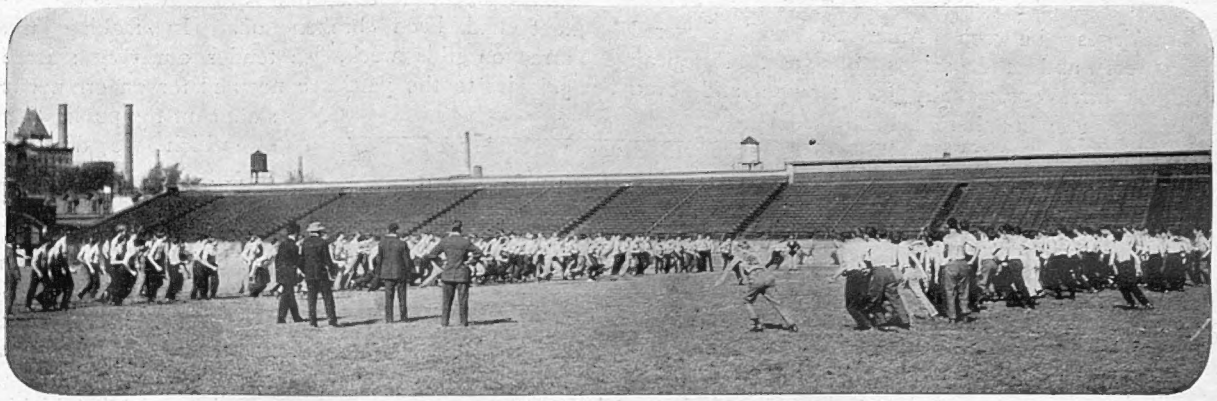
THE SMILING TSAR

The Tsar [and] [Empress] (in white) at a review of the troops home from Manchuria

The countenance of the Tsar in the [photograph] would seem to bear out an interesting point in the report of Mr. Stead's recent interview. The eminent interviewer denied the [Tsar] was pale, broken down, and haunted by his troubles, but that, on the contrary, he was smiling and cheerful countenance

Free Fight Football

A NEW DIVERSION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



Before the start of the New Class Rush at Old Penn.

Students, stripped to the waist, and thirsting for each other's gore, the ball is thrown into the air, and——

An innovation in class rushes was tried with great success by the Freshmen and Sophomores of the University of Pennsylvania recently, a combination of football on a gigantic scale and a free-for-all pushing scramble. Each side was instructed that the game was to carry the ball down behind the goal posts as at football. No rules were made for the rush. The sole object was to get the ball behind the game posts. *Any tactics short of murdering an opponent would be deemed fair.* When both sides were ready, the students, stripped to the waist, and thirsting for each other's blood, the ball was thrown into the air, and the opposing squads came together with a crash. Thenceforth, it was a squirming, struggling bunch of boys with a football somewhere in the centre of the mass, where no one knew or seemed to care. The most sensational incident of this new class rush was the sudden appearance from the rim of the struggling circle of a scared and battered football. Only one boy of the half-naked contestants saw the ball. The rest were too intent on the struggle to notice that the objective of the fight had made its escape between the feet of the students. The one boy who happened to see the ball making its coy way to freedom grabbed it and held it in his hands uncertainly for a moment, then ran, with the entire aggregation of students after him. But he had a clear field, and no one could stop him short of the goal-line. He made a clean touch-down. But, alas for the futility of human endeavour, he had touched the ball behind his opponents' goal, scoring one victory for the Freshmen. The unfortunate Sophomore had made the unpardonable mistake of running with the ball in the wrong direction! The new style rush will become a permanent feature of student life at Old Penn.

Photos by *Pierce*

The New Class Rush

——Thenceforth it is a "squirming, strugg'ing bunch of boys,' each , the whole ball, and nothing but the ball

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Duchess de Valencay

Marriages between America's well-dowered daughters and the scions of great European families have occasionally had strange and even tragic sequels; but there is an air of comedy about the career of Miss Helen Morton, daughter of the Hon. Levi P. Morton, former Vice-President of the United States. She married Comte Boson de Talleyrand, and her millions revived for a time the historic glories of the Château de Valençay — an establishment built on the proportions of a Tuileries. The bride's mother-in-law, the Duchesse de Talleyrand, who has just died in Paris, was a great beauty, with a strong character. Her love of litigation involved her in suits with her eldest son, with the City of Paris, and with all kinds of lesser fry in the commercial world who had supplied her with costumes. The marriage of her second son with Miss Morton was looked upon as a triumph for her. But *l'Americaine*, having secured the status of membership of the French nobility, thought honour was satisfied. Two years of its responsibilities and gaieties proved sufficient to her tastes, and at the end of them she adopted the familiar method of applying for divorce, and getting it. She, at the same time, managed to retain her fortune, and take it intact back to America.

Photo by **The Duchess de Valencay** [*Bullingham*

Late Miss Helen Morton, who, after two years' life in France, has got a divorce from her husband and taken her fortune back to America

An Apology

In our issue of October 11 we published a photograph of Miss Florence Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Foster, of Clewer Manor. Beneath the portrait it was stated that a marriage had taken place between Miss Foster and Mr. Stewart Gordon Anderson, of Earlywood, Windlesham. This statement was made in perfect good faith, as at the time of writing the marriage was announced. When too late to make an alteration in the letterpress, we learned that Miss Foster's engagement had been broken off. In making the correction this week, we tender our very sincere apologies to the parties concerned for an erroneous statement the publication of which we deeply regret.

Royalty and Romance

The domestic troubles of certain European royalties hold public attention as constantly, and seem as interminable, as a popular serial. A highly romantic development of the affairs of the ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse is now recorded in her marriage with the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, alleged to have been her sweetheart from youth up, but whose love was thwarted by the bold, bad Tsar. Now, however, politics have been thrown to the winds, for the Grand Duke, in order to secure his and her happiness, has allowed himself to be deprived of military rank, orders, and honours, and to be banished from Russia. Something very exceptional in the direction of matrimonial bliss should be enjoyed, seeing the price thus paid for it. The other Royal romance is the suit for divorce by Prince Philip of Coburg against his wife, Princess Louise, who is alleged, while separated on an annuity from her husband and living in Paris, to have received excessive attentions from a Lieutenant Mattachich. The Princess, however, has brought a counter action for divorce, and, in doing so, her counsel announced that he intended to expose the truth about the Prince's treatment of his wife in Vienna. The word "truth" seems to have had the effect of panic, for instantly the Prince sought to arrange the matter by compromise. The result, however, in any case, is likely to be compromising. The Princess Louise, by the way, is a daughter of the King of the Belgians, whose other daughter, the Princess Stéphanie (Countess Lonyay), has also had her matrimonial troubles aired in the Courts and newspapers.

Foreign Royalty and Divorce

Prince Philip of Coburg

Who has brought an action for divorce against his wife at Gotha

Princess Louise of Coburg

Who has replied to the action by a counter-suit, threatening to "expose" her husband

Some Twentieth-Century Conservative Hostesses

The Conservative Party have always owed a great debt of gratitude to their hostesses, and in this connection it is only necessary to recall the invaluable services rendered to the cause by the Primrose League. Old-fashioned folk, accustomed to the exclusive social world of a past day, are apt to declare that the political salon is a thing of the past. As an actual

The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia

Who has married the divorced Grand Duchess of Hesse, and in consequence been degraded and banished by the Tsar

The Ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse

Otherwise Princess Melita of Coburg, niece of King Edward, divorced wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse

Prominent Conservative Hostesses

fact, hospitality is far more widely dispensed than was the case sixty years ago, and nowadays each political hostess has a much larger visiting list than had her immediate predecessor.

Among the Duchesses, special interest attaches in a political sense to Her Grace of Marlborough, who, both at Blenheim and now at her beautiful new London mansion, Sunderland House, does yeoman service for the Government, of which the Duke has now proved so active a member. Like her aunt by marriage, Lady Randolph Churchill, the Duchess has proved that American women, in spite of their being the daughters of the greatest of the world's Republics, make admirable, because intelligent, political hostesses.

Mr. Israel Zangwill

Whose two chief interests in life may be said to be writing and the movement known as "Zionism".

The Duchess of Norfolk

The second marriage of the Duke of Norfolk has brought a great accession of strength to the social side of Roman Catholic politics. The mistress of Norfolk House will herself live to be a peeress in her own right, and as the daughter of Lord Herries —most convinced and powerful of Northern Tories— she has been interested in public affairs from childhood upwards. It is said that the chief of the Howard family and his Duchess intend to give a series of political parties this winter and spring, and no house in London is better adapted for the purpose than is Norfolk House, St. James's Square.

An important group, composed of three ladies closely connected with the Government, and who have undoubtedly been of the very greatest assistance to their distinguished husbands, is that headed by Lady Grosvenor, the charming and popular wife of Mr. George Wyndham. As mistress of the Vice-regal Lodge, she won golden opinions from every section of Irish society; and Lady Doreen Long must have found it no easy matter to succeed so fascinating a personality as that belonging to the still youthful-looking mother of the Duke of Westminster. Lady Doreen has, however, one taste which strongly appeals to the Irish—she is a splendid sportswoman, and wonderful stories are told of her pluck in the hunting field. The third in our group is Lady Alice Stanley, future Countess of Derby, daughter of the Duchess of Devonshire, and the intimate, personal friend of our gracious Queen. Lady Alice has been very prominent of late in connection with the new Post Office, for Lord Stanley takes very seriously his duties as Postmaster-General.

Lady Evelyn Cavendish

The dukedom of Devonshire has been famed for the beauty and intelligence of its Duchesses, and the present mistress of Devonshire House certainly heads the group of older political hostesses without

The Duchess of Norfolk

The second marriage of the Duke of Norfolk has been the means of making Norfolk House the centre of Catholic Conservatism. The Duchess of Norfolk, who is the daughter of Lord Herries, most powerful of Northern Tories, has been interested in public affairs since her childhood, and is eminently fitted as the leader of a political salon. The above photograph is of the picture presented to the Duke of Norfolk on his wedding day

PAINTING BY MAURICE RANDALL

Prominent Conservative Hostesses

Photo by Cameron Studios

Countess Grosvenor
Wife of Mr. George Wyndham, M.P.

Photo by H. J. Whitlock

Duchess of Marlborough
Wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Colonial Office

Lady Evelyn Cavendish
Wife of the Financial Secretary

Photo by Kate Pragnell

Lady Alice Stanley
Wife of the Postmaster-General

Photo by Walter H. Barnett

Prominent Conservative Hostesses

Photo by Cosway Gallery *Photo by Cameron Studios*

Lady Doreen Long
Wife of the Chief Secretary for Ireland

Mrs. St. John Brodrick
Wife of the Secretary for India

Hon. Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes
Wife of the President of the Board of Agriculture

Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton
Wife of the Secretary for the Colonies

GMS

Photo by Langfier *Photo by Helen McCau*

The "Red Earl"

Photo by Thompson

Col. A. R. Mark Lockwood, M.P.

Member for Epping, Essex. The King is to visit him at Bishop's Hall on October 28

distinction of Party. It is, indeed, fortunate that the Duke's heir should have wedded, in the person of Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, the daughter of such a mother as is Lady Lansdowne. Lady Evelyn Cavendish has inherited double political traditions, both from her own and from her husband's family. As a young girl, she often helped her parents to do the honours of historic Lansdowne House, and now, as the wife of Mr. Victor Cavendish, she, naturally, plays a considerable rôle in that section of the great world which clusters about St. Stephen's.

Mrs. St. John Brodrick

Inherited social gifts of a high order also fall to the lot of Mrs. St. John Brodrick, for, through her father, she is a granddaughter of the famous Lady Stanley of Alderley, while her mother is still best remembered by her old name of Lady Jeune, the most noted London hostess of the later Victorian era. Although she has not been married much more than two years, the young wife of the Secretary of State for India has already become a force in political society, and from the day of her wedding—a wedding, it will be remembered, at which the Premier was best man—she has been indefatigable in her efforts to forward the cause she and her husband have so much at heart.

Photo by Lafayette

Earl Spencer, the "Red Earl"

The celebrated Statesman, whose illness aroused general sympathy

before spoken in public, she developed, at a few moments' notice, into a splendid platform speaker. Mrs. Lyttelton is a playwright and novelist, as well as a political hostess, and she also takes the keenest personal interest in all Colonial questions, including the emigration of women. Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes, the wife of the Minister for Agriculture, is the only sister of Lord Hylton, and she also has been of great assistance to her distinguished husband in each of his electoral contests.

Photo by Russell and Sons

Lord Edmond G. Fitzmaurice

Brother of Lord Lansdowne, and author of "Lord Granville's Memoirs"

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, who will speak at Wellington for the "Eighty Club," on Tuesday next (the 31st), is a brother of Lord Lansdowne. He has recently published a work on Lord Granville, which is creating much interest at present, and has been most favourably reviewed. Lord Edmond has been Member for Cricklade since 1898, and when at Cambridge won a prize for the English Essay and graduated First Class in Classics. He is a trustee for the National Portrait Gallery, and has written several books, besides being a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. He takes great interest in football, and when at Cambridge took an active part in the revival of football as a University sport, and was captain of the Etonian Club.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton has now had for some years a real political salon, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the help she has been to her husband in his political career. It was owing to her pluck and energy that he won one of the most-contested elections of recent years. It will be remembered that Mr. Lyttelton fell ill in the midst of the contest, and though his wife had never

Earl Spencer

Earl Spencer—the "Red Earl," as he is popularly called by reason of the tint of his fierce and fiery beard—is one of the few of the old Whig noblemen who have remained faithful to the Liberal Party, and that he will entirely recover from his illness, and take his proper place in the supposedly forthcoming Liberal Ministry, is the wish of followers and opponents alike.

The Capture of British Officers in Morocco

El Moro Valiente's younger brother
Who, at the head of six armed men, captured two British officers near Castillejos

El Moro Valiente
Whose incarceration at Tangier afforded the real motive for his brother's outrage on British officers

LATE on Tuesday night (October 17), the Admiralty received intelligence that Captain J. E. Crowther, R.M.L.I., and Lieutenant E. A. S. Hatton, R.M.L.I., had been captured by the notorious Moorish brigand Valiente, the outlaw who murdered Kaid Esshadi, Governor of the Ceuta frontier district.

The two officers, accompanied by an escort of twenty-one Riffs (probably themselves in league with Valiente) were returning by land to Ceuta, after taking part in operations connected with the salvage of H.M.S. *Assistance*.

The district through which they had to pass was very wild, resembling somewhat the country around Pitlochry, in Scotland. When a little distance from Tetuan, in a wild and desolate spot, they were swooped down upon by Valiente and six of his followers, all armed to the teeth.

On the appearance of the brigands, the officers' escort bolted, leaving their employers in the hands of the bandits.

In Morocco, it is the way of outlaws to obtain the liberation of relatives, incarcerated at Fez, by seizing, as hostage, some important European and holding him until the Sultan releases the imprisoned brigand.

In this case, Valiente's elder brother, known as El Moro Valiente—"the valiant Moor"—was taken prisoner by the Sultan's orders, four or five months

Typical Riffs
The captured officers were accompanied by a guard of Riffs, who are supposed to be in league with the captors

General View of Tetuan

The two officers were captured at Cape Negro, midway between Tetuan and Ceuta

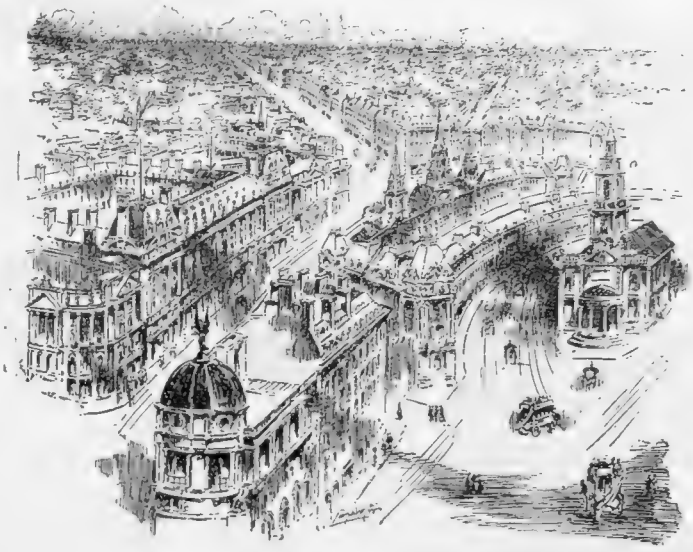
ago, when buying provisions at Tangier. As he had been allowed previously, for many weeks, to come and go in the town without hindrance, his capture was considered by his relatives an act of treachery, and Valiente's younger brother simply took the first opportunity of obtaining his release by forcing the Sultan's hand. It is probable that the authorities at Fez will, of two evils, choose the less, and let loose once more on lawless Morocco the most notorious brigand in North Africa.

Market Place at Tetuan

The King Opens Kingsway

Kingsway and Aldwych

In the formal opening of Kingsway and Aldwych last Wednesday, their Majesties called into being, not merely two new thoroughfares, but a new era in London's life and architecture. The new boulevards, built on the ruins of unspeakable slums, and dens of untold vice and misery, are really the Capital's first essays in conscious self-improvement. What has been called the "Cinderella of Cities" is at last about to vie with her gorgeous Continental sisters, and show the world that she, too, is beautiful. The suggestiveness of the occasion relieved it of the usual formality of a Royal function, and those who witnessed their Majesties perform the ceremony of opening cannot have failed to notice their keen interest and pleasure in their unique duties. Particularly radiant, and more youthful-looking than ever, Queen Alexandra has rarely been seen by her subjects to greater advantage. The new thoroughfares were brilliantly bedecked with flags and bunting, and a charming touch was the presence of the members of the Paris Municipal Council, who cannot but have looked with fatherly interest on London's first taste of Haussmanisation.



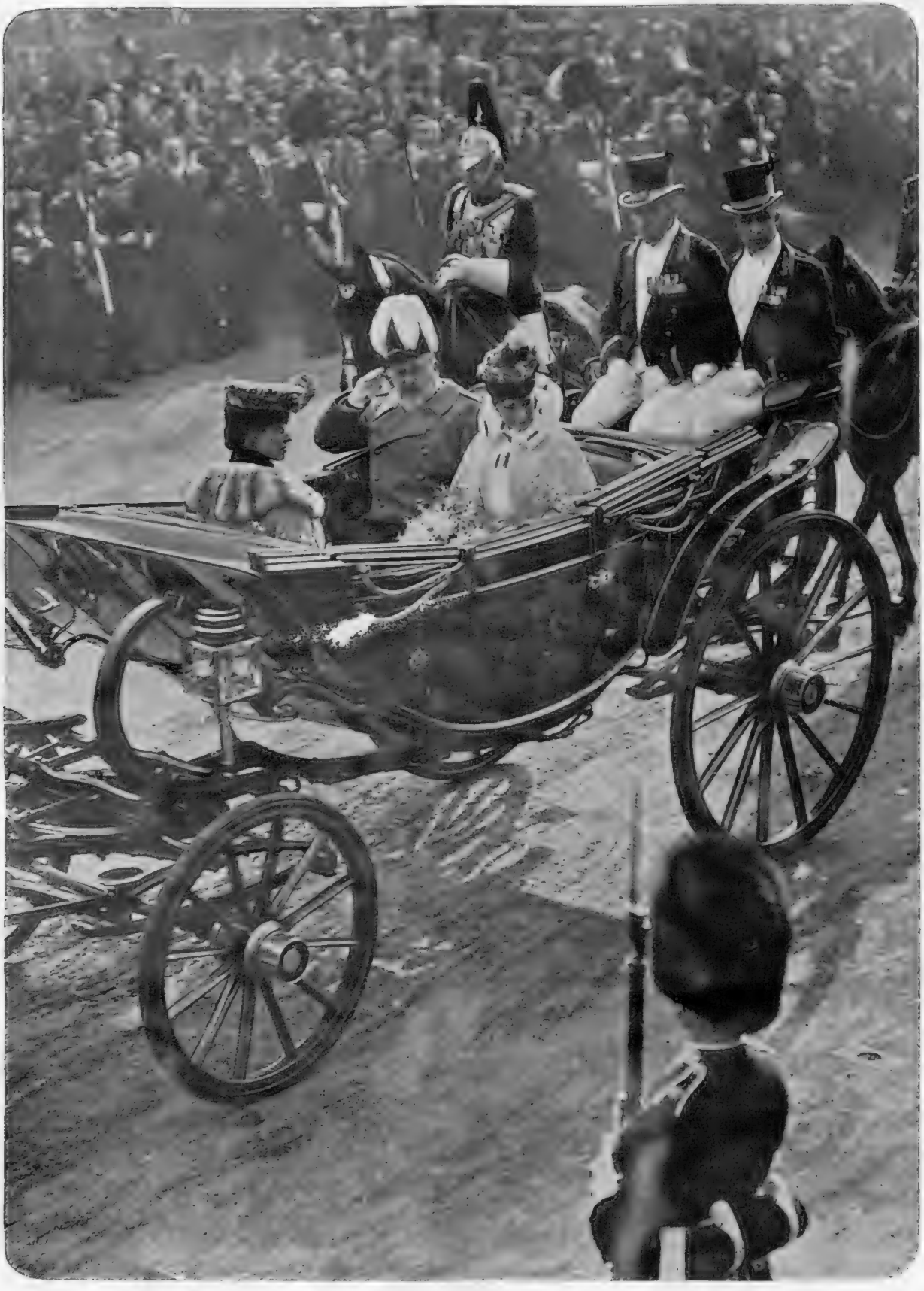
View of Kingsway

(Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of the "Daily News")

The King and Queen arriving at the Royal Pavilion

The King, having been presented with a golden key, turned a switch, unlocking the gates between Kingsway and Aldwych

The King Opens Kingsway



The King and Queen taking their departure after the Opening of Kingsway

One of the most pleasant features of a brilliant scene was the remarks heard on all sides concerning the youthful appearance of the Queen

THE PLAYHOUSES

"THE PERFECT LOVER" AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

According to Mr. Sutro, the perfect lover is one who denies himself, during five long years, more than an occasional glimpse at "At Homes" of his lady-love (who loves him and is married to another), and then, becoming tired of perfection, carries her off under the protection of her godmamma.

This proposition is nothing if not ethical. Indeed, ethics crop up so constantly in the play that Joseph Tremblett says at one period, "Ethics be blowed," or words to that effect.

It may be laid down as a general rule that when a character impatiently draws attention to a state of affairs in a play, the audience have long since anticipated him in his state of mind. To put such observations in the mouth of a character is to disarm criticism. Fancy, if in a melodrama the "comic relievers," if they may so be termed, were to ejaculate in chorus, "O, let's chuck trying to be funny"; or the villain, in the fourth act, should exclaim, "A truce to murder and seduction."

But when Joseph Tremblett condemns ethics, we do not feel inclined to murmur, "Hear, hear!" In other words, ethics in *The Perfect Lover* are so skilfully utilised as to make the play of absorbing interest. When you find yourself wondering what will be the outcome of a certain situation, you may be sure that the playwright has angled to some purpose, and has landed your interest.

Two Separate Stories

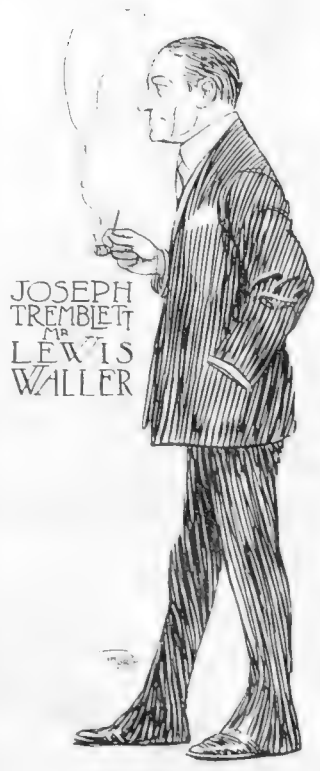
There are two quite separate *motifs* in Mr. Sutro's play. The central figure of the first is Joseph Tremblett, assistant editor, on a salary of £300 per annum. Shall he, or shall he not, for the sake of wife and children, compound with his conscience for the sum of £5,000, with which his rich and unscrupulous brother William tempts him? *Motif* No. 2 concerns the tragic trio: William the husband, Lillian his unhappy wife, and Lord Cardew the Perfect Lover (for five long years). Now these two *motifs* are skilfully bound together. Yet it is never difficult to separate them in imagination. Also, the second is much the most interesting and dramatic of the two. Yet to the first we are given a complete answer, while, regarding the second, the unkind dramatist leaves us to draw our own conclusions—a most unsatisfactory state of affairs. It is a difficult matter sometimes to gather up the threads of a story or play. But the least satisfactory binding job is better than leaving a strand loose. As you will see from the story.

Virtuous Jo and Wicked Will

The wicked William comes to the virtuous Joseph, and quoth he, but not so succinctly, "You use your influence upon my wife Lilian to persuade her friend Lord Cardew (William smiles diabolically) to sell his property to me. There is coal on the land, and your share of this pretty bargain shall be £5,000. Come and see me to-morrow, and give your decision." "Get out!" says Joseph, and looks like kicking his brother. Exit William, with the Parthian shot, "Oh, I think I shall see you to-morrow, Joseph." Here is the dilemma, or the ethics of it. Joseph has a pretty, prattling daughter, who has to work in the City as a typist. He has a wife—and a good wife—but she is a woman, and cannot hear tell of £5,000 without thinking hard. Here is a good touch of the playwright's; the artful William has previously sounded Mrs. Tremblett, and when Joseph is trembling in the balance, in rushes his spouse, brimming over with the possibilities of £5,000. The distraught Joseph looks at his wife, he looks at his daughter, and takes the plunge. He will go through with the beastly business.

Now a good man, whether on or off the stage, is a sad bungler when he tries to bring off a shady financial *coup*. Joseph goes with a long face to Lilian, and, in the gloomy fashion of a man who is convinced that only the worst can come of it, tells her that she cannot do better than ask Lord Cardew to sell the property. "*Et tu*, Joseph?" says (in effect) the surprised Lilian. Whereupon bungler Jo blurts out, "There is coal on the land, and *I* am to get £5,000, and think what it will mean to my pretty

Mary, the typist!" The project appeals irresistibly to Lilian. In the first place, she will benefit her staunch friend Jo, but, greater incentive still, she will see Cardew for the last time before he sets sail for Canada, and she hungers for the sight of him; more ethics, but ethics as the parent of drama.



The Big Scene of the Play

When the curtain rises on the third act, Cardew's man is "found" packing ladies' dresses in a trunk. The Perfect Lover has waited his five years, and has had enough of it. As soon as he receives Lilian's note, he has sent an old lady's-maid of hers (of about the same figure) to buy feminine apparel. Cardew waits for his lady-love with the grim determination to induce her to accompany the trunks. Enter Lilian, and the scene, beautifully lead up to, is poignant. The matter of the property is soon settled. Lilian tells him all about the coal. That is nothing to him. She tells him about Joseph's prospective £5,000. He can hardly believe it of his friend, and yet he is about to take a wife from her husband. Ethics, indeed! but none the less drama. Upon the distressing scene between the lovers there bursts the distracted Joseph.

He has realised faithfully the probable outcome of a meeting between Cardew and Lilian. He comes to stifle the grave issues which he has been instrumental in raising. He is too late. The lovers have been utterly carried away by their love. Lilian has pledged herself to go with Cardew. He appeals to them both in vain. They counter-appeal to him to better purpose. "Be merciful to us, Joseph," they cry. "God forgive me if I have done wrong," he says, and lets them pass out of the studio and out of the play.

A Question Unanswered

Now, it may fairly be asked, how can the assistant editor, Joseph Tremblett, with his £300, his wife, and his type writing daughter Mary, compare as factors in the play with the trio, husband, wife, and lover? We want to know if Lilian, having broken the canons of Society and of religion under direst provocation, can snatch any ray of happiness to illumine her future life. The fourth act reverts to Joseph Tremblett and the £5,000. William comes in exultant. His hopes are dashed when he learns that the contract transferring the property is made out in his brother's name (Cardew had done this on his own account). So William has to bargain. He increases his offer to £20,000. Joseph smiles cynically. William paints the future prosperity of his brother and of himself. But all the time Joseph has not signed; and when his brother has finished his rhapsody, he puts the deed of property on the fire. William goes out snarling, and Joseph, as poor as before, is left to receive the blessings of his wife and daughter.

The women in the cast have but little to do, but they do that little well, especially Miss Henrietta Watson, who, as the godmamma of the Perfect Loved-one has to make some very pointed remarks. Miss Evelyn Millard, as William Tremblett's wife, is given but one chance of scoring—the scene prior to her departure with Cardew. The best scenes of the play are between the brothers, both rôles played with just the right contrast by Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. Norman McKinnel—the one, sturdy, sincere, as becomes an honest assistant editor on £300 a year; the other, a picturesque kind of wicked brother with a sardonic smile, which was most effective. The difficult rôle of Lord Cardew was admirably played by Mr. Frank Mills. It was the most ethical of the characters, and needed very careful handling.

The Late Sir Henry Irving

The scenes in Westminster Abbey last Friday gave touching instances of the love and respect which the great actor inspired in the public. Those who have been privileged to hear his speeches will recall how fond he was of calling himself the servant of the public. In reality, he was their master, and dominated their affections. Even at the height of the controversies which raged round his talents as an actor, one cannot recall a word spoken by his opponents against his personal character. There have been but few great men of whom it can be said that they were, like Sir Henry Irving, beloved by all.

E. C. S.

From the Comedy Theatre we have received the following note: "Certain critics seem to think that the Duke of Carbondale, in Mr. William Collier's successful farce, *On the Quiet*, at the Comedy, is played by an American. Mr. Cranley Douglas, who plays the part, is a Lincolnshire man, who has been on the stage in America."

PLAYS WHICH ARE DOING GOOD BUSINESS

"The Prodigal Son"

AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

In the Casino on the Riviera

Helga (Miss Nancy Price) is being crowned Queen of the Carnival. It is a scene of wild and devilish gaiety, and here Oscar, the Prodigal Son, descends to his lowest depths of shame. In the midst of the revelry comes the news from Iceland that his father is dead, and his family living in poverty, caused by his own wrong-doing

Photos by] **The Prodigal's Return: First tableau** [*Langfier*

Oscar Stephensson (Mr. George Alexander), after ten years' absence in Europe, returns to his Iceland home, but in the disguise of Christian Christiansson, the famous composer. He saves his family from ruin, without revealing his identity. On the morning after the stranger's arrival the family are seated at a merry breakfast. The scene darkens, and a [illegible]n reveals Oscar ascending a mountain pass

PLAYS WHICH ARE DOING GOOD BUSINESS

"Oliver Twist"

AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, as "Fagin"

Mr. Lyn Harding, as "Bill Sykes"

Photos by] Illier, as "Nancy" [*F. W. Burford*

PLAYS WHICH ARE DOING GOOD BUSINESS

"On the Love Path"

AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

Mr. Edmund Maurice (*Denbigh Thrayle, a would-be blackmailer*) **Mr. Gerald Du Maurier** (*Arthur Taunton*) **Miss Ellis Jeffreys** (*Charity Concannon*)

Photos by] TAUNTON: "Have you ever tried to bring this man to justice?" [*Bassano*

Mr. Gerald Du Maurier (*Arthur Taunton*) **Mr. A. E. Matthews** (*Gerald Marvel*)

MARVEL: "Miss Concannon's a bit of all right"
(*Disgust of Taunton, who is in love with Miss Concannon*)

Miss E[illegible] Jeffr[illegible]s (*C[illegible] Con[illegible]n*) **Mr. Gerald Du Maurier** (*Arthur Taunton*)

[illegible] "I'm trying to think of another reason" [illegible]

PLAYS WHICH ARE DOING GOOD BUSINESS

"The Merchant of Venice"

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

Miss Elfrida Clement (*Jessica*) **Mr. Walter Pearce** (*Lorenzo*)

JESSICA: "Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit, I'll swear that I do know your tongue"
LORENZO: "Lorenzo, and thy love"

Ellis and Walery

Mr. Charles V. France (*Tubal*) **Mr. Arthur Bouchier** (*Shylock*) **Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw** (*Antonio*)

"Here comes another of the tribe: A third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew"

PLAYS WHICH ARE DOING GOOD BUSINESS

"The Merchant of Venice"

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

Miss Violet Vanbrugh (*Portia*) **Mr. Julian L'Estrange** (*Bassanio*)

The Casket Scene

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls as true,
Be content and seek no new"

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Julian L'Estrange (*Bassanio*) **Miss Muriel Beaumont** (*Nerissa*) **Miss Violet Vanbrugh** (*Portia*) **Mr. E. Harcourt Williams** (*Gratiano*)

PORTIA: "You were to blame—I must be plain with you,—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh"

The New Régime at the Avenue Theatre

Photo by *Lafayette*

Mr. Cyril Maude and his daughter

Playgoers are looking forward to Mr. Maude's régime at the Avenue Theatre, which of late years has had rather a varied career under different managements. Although old comedy will figure largely in Mr. Maude's repertoire, the future manager has not yet decided upon *She Stoops to Conquer* as the opening piece.

OUR SHORT STORY

A MILLIONAIRE'S ROMANCE

By LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "The Actor-Manager," "The Worldlings," etc.

PARKER MAYNE was going to Europe again on the morrow, and Europe always attracted him until he got there, but to-night he was bored. As he walked towards his mansion in Fifth Avenue he reflected, with a yawn, that he had been bored more or less ever since he remembered, ever since he realised that he could wish for nothing that was unobtainable. He had been bored as a child in his great playrooms, with their ranges of mimic mountains, and their mechanical bears; he had been bored at Harvard; bored in Society. If he had kept a diary, how seldom the words, "I enjoyed myself to-day" would have figured in the chronicle of his life! The pleasures procurable by a multi-millionaire were painfully few, thought Parker Mayne.

"Mr. Mayne, I want to speak to you!"

A young man had sprung in his way excitedly, a shabby young man, with haggard eyes.

"I'm not taking any," said Mayne.

"You're going to hear me out," exclaimed the young man; "by God you are! I'm not accustomed to stop strangers in the street, but I've done it now, and I'm going through with it, and you're going to listen!"

"There's a policeman spoiling for something to do at the corner of the block," remarked Mayne; "if you don't make yourself scarce I shall beckon to him."

"What can you charge me with?"

"I shall charge you with annoying me."

"I have no wish to annoy you; I'm trying to speak civilly."

"What do you want?"

"Work."

"I think I shall have to give it to the policeman," said Mayne; "it's the only work that I'm able to offer." He hesitated and then loosened his overcoat, and proffered a dollar bill. "Here, you can take this instead," he added, more suavely.

"Go to the devil," returned the young man.

Mayne replaced the bill, buttoned the coat, and regarded him with a shade of interest.

"As a matter of curiosity, how much did you expect me to give you?"

"Do you think I'm a beggar? I told you I wanted work."

"My good fellow, I don't carry work in my waistcoat pocket. Nor do people look for work in Fifth Avenue at twelve o'clock at night."

"I wasn't looking for it; I recognised you as you came along, and I spoke on impulse."

"You're an Englishman?"

"Yes, I'm an Englishman, a journalist. I've been in your heaven-forsaken city for eight months, and I can't earn salt here. I'm starving—desperate. You have millions; you own a newspaper—among other things that you've done nothing to deserve; give me a job or [illegible]!"

"[illegible]ak without experience," replied Mayne, "for [illegible] not a business man; but if your applications for employment are usually made in this original fashion, I am [illegible]d that they fail."

"What [illegible]ou are!" cried the young man passionately. "What a worthless, heartless, selfish rotter! You flung away a fortune on a pastoral dinner at Delmonico's last night, they say?"

"One must eat."

"The restaurant was transformed to a meadow?"

"The likeness was not so faithful as I could have wished, but the intention was good."

"'A rivulet of champagne meandered between banks of orchids?' I quote from the *Herald*."

"I trust my own journal was equally vivid? I never read it, but I have its circulation at heart."

"Your guests—the wealthiest women in New York—picked fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds from a strawberry bed, as souvenirs of the occasion?"

"It amused me to watch them tumble over one another; I witnessed all the frenzy of a bargain sale without being discommoded by the crush. The policeman is drawing nearer. Have you done?"

"You squander thousands on a dinner, you throw diamonds among fashionable women for the pleasure of seeing them degrade themselves, you are fantastically and iniquitously rich; and I haven't a quarter in the world—will you give me a berth?"

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mayne, smiling, "if I didn't understand that you were hysterical, I should think that you were mad. Come, I don't want the trouble of undoing my coat again for nothing—will you accept five dollars if you get the chance?"

"No, I won't! I won't accept a cent; I ask you for a billet, not for charity."

"Good-night to you," said Mayne, passing on.

He walked for a few yards briskly, and then looked round. After an instant's vacillation he returned. The young man still stood where he had left him; the millionaire saw that he was crying.

"You'd better come in with me and have a drink," said Mayne; "I'm going home."

The young man stared at him dumbly.

"Come in with me," repeated Mayne; "and pray try [illegible]tion[illegible]"

(All rights strict

They went up the steps of the great brown stone house together, and Mayne opened the door, and led the way across the hall.

"Sit down," he said. "Drink this. And don't make any more indictments. Between ourselves, indictments aren't your strong point; you're too much of an egotist. If you had told me that the money I waste would relieve the wants of deserving and dirty multitudes, you'd have been ethically correct, though you would still have been damnably tedious, but your only complaint is that I haven't done anything for *you*. You're every bit as selfish as I am, you know. What's your name?"

"Harry Sinclair."

"Why did you come to New York, Mr. Sinclair?"

"I wanted to get on, to make an income, a position; I thought it might be done quicker here, and——"

"And what?"

"I'm engaged."

Parker Mayne's eyebrows rose high; he did not speak.

"What do you say to that?" asked Sinclair, a shade defiantly. The whisky he had gulped was beginning to tell on him.

"I have said nothing."

"Which means that you think me a fool?"

"All of us are fools," said Parker Mayne genially; "but the boy in your position—you must be four or five years my junior, and will allow me to refer to you as a 'boy'—the boy in your position who complicates his predicament by proposing marriage certainly seems to me to deserve the gold medal for imbecility."

For answer, the other pulled a photograph from his pocket, and held it out with an air of triumph. "I've a pretty fair excuse, though! What?" he said.

It was the photograph of a girl of three or four and twenty. The features were not classical—the mouth was too wide, the nose was a shade tip-tilted—but it appeared to Parker Mayne to be the most captivating face that he had seen in his life. He looked at it for a long time.

"Yes, she's lovely," he said, returning it. "I congratulate you."

"And she's as charming as she's lovely," declared the young man. "Do you wonder at me now?"

"No," said Mayne; "no, I don't wonder at you if she's like that photograph." He wondered at the girl, wondered at himself—that he was capable of being so stirred. "How long have you been engaged."

"Five years—and there didn't seem any prospect of things righting themselves at home, so I thought I'd try my luck in the States. Every mail I've hoped for good news to send her. If I could get a decent berth here, she'd come over to me."

"What's your idea of a decent berth?"

"Oh, well, we could live cheaply enough. Five hundred a year—pounds, I mean — would sound affluence to her."

"Really?" exclaimed Mayne; "that girl? She must be very fond of you?"

"Of course she's fond of me. Besides, everything is relative—she hasn't got much at home; her people aren't well off any more, and it's pretty dull for her since they left London."

"Oh, she's not in London?"

"No, they had to give their house up. They're living in the country, near Tunbridge Wells—a village called Rusthall. Life in New York, on two or three thousand dollars a year, would be gaiety compared with what she's got."

"Extraordinary!" murmured Mayne. "Well, Mr. Sinclair, I've brought you in here, and I suppose I've raised some expectations. I don't know what sort of journalist you are, but I'll give you a letter to the editor, and you had better go and talk to him to-morrow. He will offer you a position to relieve your immediate anxieties, and if you're in earnest, I guarantee that you shall be earning more than two or three thousand dollars a year in six months time. Is it good enough?"

"I don't know how to thank you!" faltered the young man, jumping up flushed and trembling; "I don't know how to apologise for some of the things I've said. You've heaped coals of fire on my head. It sounds like a fairy tale."

"It's all right," said Mayne, smiling. "You needn't be too grateful—I'm doing it as much for Miss—er—?"

"Weston."

"As much for Miss Weston as for you. If you'll excuse me, I'll write the note at once, for I want to turn in early to-night."

When the young man left the house, he bore a letter for which any member of the staff would have exchanged his position; and the millionaire, whose fancy had been captured by a photograph, sat thinking of the young man's fiancée.

As Parker Mayne had humoured his whims all his life, it was the most natural thing in the world that, instead of crossing to Calais when he reached England, he travelled to Tunbridge Wells. He was eager to know the girl, and he salved his conscience by reminding himself that he had the right to know her—wasn't he playing the part of a philanthropist, and putting her lover in a position to marry her? What could be more natural, in the circumstances, than that he should desire her acquaintance?

However, he was a little doubtful how to make it, because he was aware all the time that his interest in her was not philanthropic in the least. If he told her who he was, and how he had heard of her, she would, of course, announce his arrival to Sinclair in her next letter, and Sinclair might be suspicious. On the other hand, it would probably be a tiresome business to obtain an introduction unless he mentioned Sinclair's name.

At an hotel in Tunbridge Wells he inscribed himself simply "P. Mayne, from London"; and, after luncheon, he took a fly to Rusthall, wondering what he was going to do when he got there. But for the consciousness that his true motives were highly discreditable, he would have enjoyed the drive; the day was fair, the country was delightful, and to seek a woman, instead of being sought by her, was a piquant change. He had ascertained the address from a local directory, and on the outskirts of the village he dismissed the cab, and decided to continue the adventure on foot. He had no clearly defined reason for the course, but, as luck would have it, he hadn't wandered for more than five minutes when he saw her.

She was coming out of the post office in the High Street, and he thought she looked "like a girl in a picture," with her white frock and shady hat. What a carriage; what a complexion; what a neck! "Great Scott!" mused Parker Mayne, "how I'd like to take her to Paris for a month, and buy frocks and jewellery for her!"

She passed him with no more than the glance that everyone accords a stranger in a village, and Mayne followed her, resolving to cut the preliminaries short, and present himself in *propriâ personâ*—he would

talk of "being in the neighbour hood," and of his "interest in our young friend." Now she struck across the common; the bushes were highly inconvenient to him—for, keeping at some little distance from her, he was always missing the track—but she drew him like a loadstone, and, blundering on, he presently saw her make an unexpected swerve and disappear through a garden gate. His first glance showed him that the gate bore the name he had discovered in the directory; his second revealed the surprising inscription, "Furnished Apartments," on a card in a window.

"My! it's a lodging-house," said Parker Mayne to himself. "Just think of it, they let apartments! I can go and stay there, and talk to her all day long. Oh, this is luck, luck priceless and purple!

> She was a village maiden,
> And a wicked dude was he.

I'll call myself 'Brown'—nice, unaffected name, 'Brown.' I'll call myself 'Brown,' and board with them, blessed if I don't—even if I have to go to Tunbridge Wells and dine on the sly!" And, pushing back the gate, he made blithely for the front door.

But he saw the girl again before he reached it. She was sitting in a chair on the lawn; so he stopped before her.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "if this is Mrs. Weston's?"

"Yes," she said. "My mother is out."

Her eyes were grey, heavily fringed, and her instep was superlative. Mayne noted the point as he took his hat off. He reflected again how amusing it would be to provide her with the kind of clothes that she deserved.

"I understood that furnished apartments were to be had here," he said; "I don't know if I have made any mistake?"

'No," she said, rising, "we have rooms to let. What do you want?"

"I—I want a parlour and a bedroom," he answered.

"Are they for yourself?'

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say, 'Are they for yourself?' I mean, are they for anybody else as well?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon again," he murmured. "I am, as you may notice, an American—the technicalities of taking furnished apartments in England are unknown to me. No, they are not for anybody else as well; I am alone."

"If you will come inside," said the girl, "I'll call the servant to show them to you."

Mayne did not waste much time with the servant. He returned professing his contentment.

"And the terms?" he questioned.

The girl looked confused. "I'm afraid I don't know," she said. "My mother will be back directly, if you don't mind waiting. We haven't let rooms before, and——"

"I understand," said Mayne. "I hope I shan't prove a trouble to you."

"It's for us," she said, "to hope we shall be able to make you comfortable. I must warn you that our servant is not a *chef*."

"It is quite astonishing, the difference between the two countries!" remarked Mayne meditatively. "Now in America, it is not the custom for the

"A young man had sprung in his way excitedly, a shabby young man, with haggard eyes"

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(Continued from page 188)

One evening he told her something of the kind. They had been loitering on the garden path, scenting the stocks and verbenas, and then she said that she must go in, as she had a letter to write.

"Won't it keep; is it so important?"

"I have to write to New York," she murmured; "I ought to have written this afternoon—it's mail day."

"Ah," said Mayne. And they took a turn on the path in silence.

"How long have I been here, Miss Weston?"

"It must be nearly a month, isn't it? Why? Are you beginning to find it dull?"

"I was thinking how much may happen in a little while. I wonder if you know what a lot of good the month has done me?"

"It's considered a very healthy place."

"The place? Oh, yes; but I wasn't speaking of the place. I meant you—our talks together. They have given me different ideas, different aims. Until I knew you I never wanted any more of life than 'a good time.'"

"I don't understand," she said; "I didn't know that I had ever said anything particularly high-minded? Besides, if you were such a worldly sort of man as you pretend, I should simply have bored you; you wouldn't have found anything to talk to me about, and I don't think that *I* should have cared to talk to *you*."

"Do you care to talk to me? Will you miss me when I have gone?"

She did not speak for an instant. Then she said, gravely, "Yes, I shall miss you."

"How much?"

"We've become very good friends, haven't we?"

"No," exclaimed Mayne. "I'm not your friend at all—I adore you, I want you for my wife!"

"Ah! don't!" she faltered. The note of pain in her voice made him wince. Momentarily, he almost felt that it would be brutal to say any more.

"Didn't you know?" he stammered.

"I—I was afraid," she owned. "Oh, why has it happened! I'm so sorry, I hate to give you pain!"

"Am I nothing to you, then?" he said, blankly.

She was silent again. They had paused at the gate; he could see that she was trembling as they leant there.

"Am I nothing to you?" he repeated And then suddenly she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed.

"Helen," he cried, "I love you, I worship you, I can't live without you. Won't you tell me that you like me a little bit?"

"I haven't the right to tell you," she said, brokenly. "You know I'm not free."

"Right?" he echoed, indignantly. "You haven't the right to marry a man you aren't fond of—you haven't the right to spoil your own life and mine for the sake of a promise that means nothing any more! Helen?"

"I must do my duty," she whispered.

"Your duty is to be honest, to do the straight thing. Can't you see that?"

"To break my word to him?"

"To tell him the truth. Do you think it would be fair to marry him when you care for me?"

"I hadn't thought of it like that," she said, irresolutely.

"But it's the only way to think of it! Isn't it? Isn't it?"

"I don't know—I have always felt a promise to be so sacred; and I want to be brave."

"You are a saint," said Parker Mayne. "You are the noblest and sweetest woman ever made; but in this you must let me guide you! You belong to me—and the conscientious course is to write him the truth in your letter to-night. You're not afraid of trusting yourself to me, are you? I can promise that your mother shall be satisfied when I talk to her."

"I'm not afraid of anything but doing wrong," said the girl, looking up at him—and then all resistance left her, and he took her in his arms.

She wrote to Sinclair, while Mayne waited for her on the lawn. The blind was up, and he watched her as she wrote. This is what she was writing:—

"My dear old Harry,—I fancy that you and I have both outlived the spoony stage, though we shall always understand each other, so I don't kid myself that you'll take to drink at hearing that I'm engaged to somebody else. It's Parker Mayne, if you please! (What price your prospects now—pretty healthy, eh?) He turned up here 'guessing' he wanted apartments, and calling himself 'Brown.' If you hadn't told me that it was my photograph that did the trick that night, I shouldn't have tumbled; but that gave me the tip, and when he never sent any washing, I cast an orb over his chest of drawers and found that all his linen was marked 'P. M.' Inquiries at the Wells hotels made it a dead cert. He's mashed on my nobility of character, and between ourselves I've been pretty noble, too—needleworked and housekept over him all day! It wouldn't have fetched *you*, but every man to his taste. I'll make you Editor-in-Chief if you're good; and when I'm scattering the oof in New York, you shall take me out sometimes. I can't stop to write any more—he's going to tell me who he is in a minute, and I've got to get my amazement ready.—Your sincere pal, HELEN."

"Nearly done, my sweet?" asked Mayne, lounging to the window.

"Nearly," said Miss Weston, raising her earnest eyes.

LEONARD MERRICK.

"Sir, can you spare a little to 'elp a man oo's just left prison?"

"I'm very, *very* sorry for you, my good man,—er—what were you in for?"

"Robbery, with Wiolence!"

DRAWN BY CHAS. INCE

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OF TWO EVILS, ETC.

DIGNIFIED AUNTIE: "Dear me, Jack, don't do that; smoking affects the heart, you know"

JACK *(fatuously)*: "So does love, darling!"

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Drawings of John M. Swan, R.A." (George Newnes' Modern Master Draughtsman Series.)

"Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins (Baron Brampton)." New edition. (Arnold: 6*s.*)

"Biography of Dan Leno." By Hickory Wood. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Jane Austen and Her Times." By G. E. Mitton. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Sir Thomas Browne." By Edmund Gosse. (Macmillan: 2*s.*)

"A Yankee in Pigmy Land." By W. E. Geil. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

NEW FICTION

"Meg the Lady." By Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

"A Thief in the Night." By E. W. Hornung. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Letter Killeth." By Mrs. A. C. Inchbold. (Partridge.)

"Deborah's Life." By James Blyth. (Nash: 6*s.*)

"A Nine Days' Wonder." By Mrs. B. M. Croker. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Ursula Raven." By Miss T. Wilson Wilson. (Harper: 6*s.*)

"Our Joshua." By Miss T. Wilson Wilson. (Arrowsmith: 1*s.*)

"The King's Achievement." By R. H. Benson. (Pitmans: 6*s.*)

On looking down the list of books published this week, one is at once struck by the predominating number of important biographies. Lives of writers, politicians, lawyers, all find a place, and there is even a biography of a public entertainer—the late Dan Leno. The book to which one turns first, naturally, not only on account of its size, but also on account of its importance both in subject and authorship, is Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Life of Charles Dickens*, published in two handsome volumes by Messrs. Chatto and Windus (21*s.* net). This is not Mr. Fitzgerald's first contribution to Dickensian literature, and in the first volume he admits having written at least eight previous books dealing more or less with Dickens and his works. He comes to the subject not only as the keenest of keen students, as witness his list of errors and oddities of the great writer at the end of Vol. II., but also as a personal friend enjoying the closest intimacy—in Mr. Fitzgerald's own words, as one who was of "the old Gadshill times, and heard the chimes at midnight in its cosy chambers." This sentence reveals in itself the strong personal note which runs through the whole of this work, for which Mr. Fitzgerald apologises, though unnecessarily we think, since he is far from being an uninteresting personality himself. The author has not attempted to write another official biography of Dickens, for Forster did his work too well to make that necessary. What he has attempted, and successfully, is to write an anecdotal record from his own recollections and experiences, and, at the same time, to show how minutely Dickens's life is revealed, to the student, in his works. These two volumes will be a mine of delight to every Dickens' reader, and should not only be borrowed, but bought to put on the library shelves to supplement Forster's great "Life."

Photo by Basini, Cambridge
Father Benson
Whose new book, "The King's Achievement," dealing with the time of Henry VIII. and his defiance of the See of Rome, has just been published

There have been two reprints issued recently of important biographies, namely, Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* (Macmillan: 6*s.*) and *Sir Henry Hawkins's Reminiscences* (Edward Arnold: 6*s.*), and, in their new and cheaper form, both these works should sell by thousands. Both men are shining lights in their professions, and both have something to say which will interest everybody. The latter book is full of stories, and we like the story of a well-known lawyer of the Probate and Divorce Court who, on one occasion, wished for a postponement of a trial, an application which usually met with a refusal from a judge some years ago, though nowadays commonly enough granted. Persisting in his application, the lawyer was requested by the judge to give his reason: "I am very sorry, my lord," he replied, "but it will be very inconvenient for me to be here to-morrow" Pressed further, the lawyer, whose name was George Brown, smiled and blushed, and could not state plainly what his real reason for postponement was. "At last, however, he stammered: 'My lord, the fact is I am going to take the first step towards a divorce.' The appeal touched the judge; the reason was sufficient. Every step in a divorce was to be encouraged, especially the first. The application was granted, *and Brown was married the next day.*"

Mr. Werner Laurie is issuing *Jungle Trails and Jungle People: Travels, Adventures, and Observations in the Far East.* The book will be of special interest in view of the Prince of Wales's visit to India. The author, Mr. Caspar Whitney, is well known as a sportsman and hunter of big game, and his new book gives an account of his really thrilling experiences in hunting and travelling in the Far East. Another volume which will appeal to lovers of animals is one just published by Messrs George Newnes in their "Master Draughtsman Series," and containing the work of John M. Swan, R.A. Especially to those who have hunted the lion, tiger, or jaguar, will the spirited work in this volume appeal, the reproductions in colour being especially good.

G. F. J.

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Golf Notes and Notions

Some Aspects of the Foursome

The foursome, so long neglected, appears to be coming into its own again. I am unfeignedly glad that this is so, for, as my readers are aware, I have long held, and have lost no opportunity of saying, that the foursome is the finest form in which a match at golf can be played. One of the good results, therefore, which I expect to flow from the great match of a few weeks ago, will be the resuscitation of the foursome from its undeserved burial. Time was, some twenty years ago, when the foursome flourished like the proverbial green bay tree, not on account of its wickedness, but because the golfers of that day had grown up saturated with its traditions, and because they knew that it was an essentially good thing. In the days when I first played at St. Andrews the afternoon round was devoted almost always, and almost without exception, to this most delightful form of golf. You played your round in the morning against the friend for whose blood and half-crown you were thirsting, having first arranged with him to play in the afternoon against some other pair of friends who were devoting the morning to a similarly friendly cutting of throats. Thus the golf adversary of the morning, whose every stroke you watched with the intention of countering it by some shrewder and better blow of your own, became after lunch the partner of your afternoon golfing joys and sorrows, the sworn ally, whose every effort you seconded with all the powers at your command, in the endeavour to defeat the pair who had accepted your gauge of battle in the morning. If the match turned out an even and interesting one, you arranged to play it again and again; and I will wager that out of foursomes thus arranged, more pleasure, fun, and interest were extracted than ever were won from the most evenly matched single. The reason for this is not far to seek.

The Selfishness of the "Single"

The single, from the nature of things is, and must always remain, a selfish form of golf. You are playing for your own hand all the time; you have no sense of responsibility. If you win, no one shares your pleasure; if you lose, no one sympathises with you on your defeat. Your mistakes have to be retrieved by yourself, and your good strokes have to be discreetly applauded by yourself in the silence of your own bosom. Your caddie is your only partner, and, when you are playing badly, sometimes only adds to your misery by his presence, for you feel in your inmost bones that he is longing to tell you that he could play all your strokes much better himself merely with a niblick, or any other queer weapon you might choose to arm him with. In the foursome all this is changed. You have formed a fighting alliance, and the fortunes of war are of as much concern to your ally as to yourself. You have chosen as partner one whose form, through many singles with him, you thoroughly know. He on his side has the same knowledge of your strength and weakness. Each of you, therefore, tries to the best of his abilities to play each stroke to suit the other's game. You consult briefly at each crisis of the game, and do your best to make your partner; in other words, to place him in such a position that he may execute the stroke that comes easiest to him. Instead of a pure slogging match, with an eye to a possible scoring record as well, as the single match so often is, your match is now a thing of science, a fine combination of forces, a strategic alliance, every movement of which is calculated and carefully thought out. In older days still than those I spoke of above, these afternoon foursomes were sometimes most "pawkily" arranged. Some good old golfer, whose long game was on the wane, but whose short game was as deadly as ever, would choose as partner some lusty young hitter, and then propose a foursome to some other similar pair. Then there would be considerable higgling of the market before the proper odds were conceded, and much small wagering would take place on the result.

The Old-Fashioned Foursome

Some of the old hands were famous for their genius at arranging a foursome on lines favourable to themselves, and used their powers of character-reading to adapt the foibles of their adversaries to their own advantage in the match. Those good old, cheery, chaffing foursomes gave way before the rush from the South, when every man strove for a record, and wore a pained and bored expression on his face when you suggested a foursome for the afternoon. Worse still, there supervened the era of the four-ball foursome, to my mind one of the meanest and pa triest methods of evading the true foursome. Now, thanks to the great International match, we may hope to return to saner methods, and revert to the form of golf beloved by the older generation, the good, wholesome old foursome, one of the finest tests of golf and character that the game can provide. One hears continually of the congested state of most of the favourite Scottish links during the summer holidays. Might not some part of this be avoided if the authorities at the various links laid down a compulsory law enforcing foursomes in the afternoon? After a few weeks, I feel sure the law would no longer be needed, for the foursome has only to be properly mastered and understood in order to be loved for its great and fascinating qualities without any compulsion whatever. To me the proof of the true and pure golfing nature lies in a man's love for a foursome. If he have that love, then he is a worthy worshipper at the shrine, fit to follow in the footsteps of the generations of golfers that have gone before him.

Ernest Lehmann

Gaiety v. Criterion

INTER-THEATRE GOLF ON THE NEW ZEALAND LINKS AT BYFLEET

"Keep Your Eye on the Ball!"

M. R. Morand, Lionel Mackinder, and Geo. Grossmith, Junr., watching H. A. Lytton about to drive off from the green
A series of matches has been arranged between the two theatre teams

Photos by] **THE RIVAL TEAMS** [*Foulsham and Banfield*

BACK ROW (*left to right*): Arthur Hatherton (Gaiety), Lawrence Grossmith (Criterion), Henry A. Lytton (Criterion), Robert Nainby (Gaiety)
FRONT ROW: Lionel Mackinder (Gaiety), Rutland Barrington (Criterion), Geo. Grossmith, Junr. (Gaiety), M. R. Morand (Criterion)

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

A House Divided

To those who, like myself, are deeply interested in all that pertains to dress, the varying opinions that prevail respecting the elegance of the Empire modes are replete with instruction. Now, the truth of the matter is, only the elect are capable of either expressing or wearing this style. The average woman has neither the aplomb to carry off these slightly suggestive garments, nor her modiste the cultured understanding to produce them, under the required perfect auspices.

To Paquin, indeed, must be readily granted the palm of bringing out the Empire under its most attractive aspect. Among the evening gowns at Dover Street there stands forth in delightful memory a white chiffon frock, with a finger-depth of sable at the hem, above a narrow-gathered flounce, that is completed by the dearest little Empire coatee of white taffeta, hand-embroidered with a delicate posy design, the fronts thrown back over a double-breasted vest of the same. A more divine dancing-frock there could not be imagined, and, in view of the discussion that is going on respecting the revival of short skirts for terpsichorean events, I may mention that Paquin affects a short train. The silk coatee and the transparent *jupe* for evening wear, however, is overflowing with fascinating possibilities, and it is one I commend to your very particular care and consideration. Another Paquin persuasion is a short-waist Directoire coat, verily the most picturesque thing ever conceived, and effected in old-world colouring of snuff brown, Empire green, and old blue, with floppy revers, opening upon embroidered *gilets* of daring contrast. One of these coats, worn with a Josephine hat, the left side of the brim uplifted on a sweep of ostrich feathers, creates a picture it is impossible to overlook. A Josephine hat, by the way, is to be recognised by an assertively round crown that bears a strong similitude to the modern man's bowler; the sweeping feather, usually of shaded quality, being equally characteristic of the bewitching favourite.

Synonymous to Sport

Is the name of Burberrys'. The first creed with this firm in the Haymarket is that, to make other people believe in you, you must believe in yourself. Burberrys' believe in themselves, and they base their confidence on a knowledge and experience that comes second to none. Scarcely a week passes but I meet some poor woman cast into the depths of despair over some cheap ephemerality purchased in view of motoring, or golfing, or driving, and which has succumbed under the first stress of unkind weather. Only costly experience appears capable of convincing people—my own sex especially—that a really good and reliable article commands a certain price, and also that nothing is simpler in these ingenious days than to affect a fictitiously good appearance.

But at Burberrys', they do not do such things; everything there is exactly what it appears. The materials are sound, the workmanship irreproachable, and the general understanding of the requirements of sport unique in its thoroughness.

For hats alone they hold a particular diploma, and in this respect bow before no decision other than their own. It is, indeed, a secret known only to themselves, how with tweeds, and friezes, and the like weighty fabrics, they are able to achieve the feather-weight results they do. And their hats are so wonderfully becoming too, while the feather mounts invariably found adorning these millinerial efforts are obviously culled from some secret source.

The latest shape is "The Dame," arranged on the lines of a panama, and quite as amiably adaptable as that natural straw production. This is illustrated, by the way, in the group, surmounting that capital Rambler wrap, a simply ideal affair for railway travelling, driving to meets, motoring, etc. The feature of the Rambler is an extravagant roominess, but the picture of it is so wonderfully faithful, the virtues are explicit enough. As a rule, it is built of checked Burberry tweed, and, according to taste and requirement, is lined with plush, leather, or not at all.

The companion sketch reveals Burberrys' genius in the realms of the strictly tailor-made suit. The lines and proportions of this particular coat are a very joy to the eye, while the little white inserted *motifs* are of kid, that throw up in strong effective relief against the background of fine navy serge cloth, the type of cloth that is exclusive. The skirt, also, is perfectly balanced, and a complete joy in every respect; and the hat, a game-feather confection, as you see, but infinitely superior to the majority of its contemporaries, is being made up on the skins, and, consequently, imperishable. A feather hat, fashioned on these common-sense lines, is capable of facing and resisting any weather with the utmost composure.

Referring to leather, Burberrys' are running a big

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A Rambler Wrap and a tailor-made Costume, sketched at Burberrys', Haymarket

speciality in the shape of a fine *souple* quality, the like to which we have never had before; and, in response to a demand, the pale pastel tints are fully represented, together with those of darker and more serviceable character. But the chief point with regard to this leather is its extreme lightness, which is attained without any loss to its value in keeping out the cold, wet, wind, etc. Burberrys' Gabardine is an old story, though one that never wearies in the telling. This has carried its fame to many distant lands, and is prepared to court further favour this winter, lined with camel's fleece. Impervious to water of every description, Gabardine is yet free of all the objectionable qualities of rubber, and the fact that Burberrys' believe in it themselves is a safe guarantee that everyone else may do so too.

A Woman's Note Book

The Old-Fashioned Marriage Discussion

Marriage is the eternal discussion, and one which the Press has taken up again with all the vigour of youth, as though such a well-worn theme was but an infant problem newly descended upon this weary old earth. The fact is, the thing is insoluble; and on the lines we are attempting to solve it, it is more than a doubtful question—it is an absolutely incomprehensible one. This is because the arguments are looked at but from a single point of view—the speaker's own; consequently, theories clash and disagree even when they do not baldly contradict one another. Marriage is no ordinary fact which we can examine and pronounce briefly good or bad, like a piece of furniture or a potato; it is, indeed, impossible to pronounce upon it at all from the outside, watching other people's good fortunes or mistakes, while absolutely without knowledge of motives, characters, or circumstances. We are *too* practical. It leads us into a dulness which becomes stupidity, and thus defeats its own aim; while common-sense is no sense at all unless backed by a wide horizon of more enduring qualities. That is why the matchmaker is such a dangerous mistake. A certain girl gets looked upon as sure to make a good wife; a certain man is regarded as an ideal for a good husband; but we are none of us sufficiently perfect to suit all environments with facility; and "Mamma," looking on with proud satisfaction at her handiwork which has "turned out so well," little knows how dearly many a man and girl have to pay for relatives' blundering, or their own apparent suitability.

Too Many Wiseacres

The fact is, we all clamour, and we all say we are right. No one has the modesty to admit that it is impossible to give a verdict on so large a subject, of the conditions of which we mostly know nothing; and that where those chiefly concerned sometimes make such fatal mistakes, it is an absurdity for anyone to pronounce upon the institution as a whole, as though we were all as like as two pins. Bachelors and old maids tell married people what to do, the way to do it, and how easy it is to make their home into a kind of shining Paradise; the cynic, who has been deceived, prates endlessly about the falsity of women; while the commonplace little clerk, too stupid to see his partner's defects, harangues his bored acquaintances on feminine virtue, viewed from his wife's devotion to himself and her domestic absorption in the price of mutton; and these people (and many others) are willing to offer advice on their own lines, or to criticise exclusively from their own experience. Marriage, friendship, and all the great things of life, are roads upon which it is not easy to tread; when people (as is frequently the case) go very happily along them, it is due to their mutual tact and other suitable qualities; but our next-door neighbours cannot come in and walk our paths for us, though they are generally eagerly and officiously anxious to do so.

And Too Much Cheap Advice

The other day, I saw in a bookseller's a book called, "How to Comfort the Sick." The title was objectionable; it reminds me of this very advice difficulty from which we cannot get away. There is nothing we are not advised now, either by writing or by word, so that it is possible to attempt to learn our virtues, our thoughts, our duties, with mathematical precision and a year-book at our elbows. When the time comes, in which this easy method of living is universally practised—and it is only necessary to pay a penny for a pamphlet, or steal a surreptitious five seconds' read at a bookstall, in order to be informed of those momentous affairs, and make the decisions which our advisers are so anxious to eliminate from our characters by supplying them themselves—when that time comes, undoubtedly our woes, our burdens (and our joys), will be lighter; we shall also have reached the height of commonplace audacity.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A FEW TEMPTING DISHES

Sole au Gratin
A Curry of Lobster or Crayfish
Rice Croquettes with Parmesan
Potato Puff

SOLE AU GRATIN

Take a skinned sole, cut off the fins, wash and dry it in a cloth. Prick it with a knife both sides, take a sprig of parsley, half a shallot, a few mushrooms, chop them all up finely; butter a baking-tin and sprinkle half the chopped-up mixture over it, lay the sole on it, sprinkle in the remainder over it, and add a squeeze of lemon-juice and 1 oz. of butter cut into small pieces, and over all two tablespoonfuls of glaze; put the dish in the oven for a little more than twenty minutes, and then sprinkle over it some brown breadcrumbs and serve.

A CURRY OF LOBSTER OR CRAYFISH

For a curry, the crayfish is equally as good as lobster, as the flesh is beautifully firm and white, the only difference between them is, that there are no claws, as in lobsters. For the curry, take 4 oz. of butter, put it into a saucepan, and slice into it two onions. Fry them till brown over a slow fire, then remove the onions into another dish. Cut up the lobster or crayfish into small pieces, and stir into it one and a half tablespoonfuls of curry powder, put this into the melted butter, and stew over a slow fire until the fish becomes a light brown. Add a little good gravy to cover the fish, season with salt, and stew over a slow fire, and, when the gravy has become thick, add a coffee-cupful of milk or cream, and the juice of a lemon. A dessertspoonful of sweet chutney is a great improvement.

RICE CROQUETTES WITH PARMESAN

Wash ½ lb. of rice, and simmer slowly in a quart of milk and water until the rice is nicely swollen and the quart of liquid all absorbed. Then place in a colander before the fire, and shake occasionally until the rice is quite dry. Add breadcrumbs and Parmesan (an equal cupful of each), a little salt and cayenne; then roll into small round balls, dip each one into egg and butter, and fry a delicate brown. Sprinkle thickly with grated Parmesan, and serve either hot or cold.

POTATO PUFF

One pint of hot mashed potato; add one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of pepper, two spoonfuls of celery salt, one tablespoonful of butter, and hot milk to moisten. When partly cool, add the yolks of two eggs well beaten and the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Bake for ten minutes.

EMILIA.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

The Vanderbilt Cup

Another big race, another high-speed contest, finds France again victorious. The competing cars ran ten times round the Mineola Course in Long Island, over the same track on which the American Eliminating Trials were held. Only twenty-eight miles in length, this Course abounds in corners. Jenatzy, on a 120 h.-p. Mercédès, was one of the four German representatives. France sent five: Hemery, who steered the winning Darracq; Duray, on a De Dietrich, being included in the team. America and Italy each ran five cars. Up to the eighth round, Lancia, on a F.I.A.T., led, but a collision with an American car in a control caused him to spend three-quarters of an hour in adjustments. This cost him the race. Two French cars passed him and one American. By previous arrangement, the race stopped when the first four cars had finished, the final order being: First, Hemery on a Darracq; second, Heath on a Panhard; next, Tracy on a Locomobile; and Lancia on a F.I.A.T., fourth. There is nothing remarkable in France winning again. The remarkable thing about the result is that an American car should be found to last out. While it is true that Dingley's Pope-Toledo broke an axle, and that another Pope-Toledo cracked a cylinder, yet an American Locomobile, handled by Tracy, managed to finish within half an hour of the winner. The winning Darracq covered the course of 280 odd miles in 4 hours 36 minutes, at an average speed of 61·5 miles an hour—a creditable speed, considering the corners. If Lancia was unlucky to lose the race, the winner, Hemery, was equally unlucky soon afterwards. The petrol in the tank caught fire, and the successful racing car was consumed.

Petrol Tanks

The unlucky accident to Hemery's Darracq leads one to consider the present construction of the ordinary petrol tank. On a good few cars the opening is not conveniently placed; on almost every car the opening is too small. What is wanted is a big opening with a well-made brass top, fitted with a catch fastening, which can be quickly taken off without unscrewing; anyhow, on those types of cars where the carburettor is gravity fed.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The winner of the Vanderbilt Cup

The race was held over the Mineola Course in Long Island. Hemery, on his racing Darracq, averaged 61·5 miles an hour

The opening requires fitting with an interior gauze strainer; this would do away with the necessity of carrying a petrol funnel, and would insure the careless motorist who forgets his funnel from a blocked jet. Surely, too, unless the tank was filled to overflowing, such a strainer—on the principle of the Davy safety lamp—could be so constructed as to prevent any fear of explosion or fire. Perhaps some manufacturer of accessories will market such a top which can be fitted to existing tanks.

The Price of Petrol

Talking of petrol, let me say that the way the price of a standard brand, such as Pratt's or Shell, varies at different depôts, is hardly satisfactory. While you can get it at many depôts in the Metropolis as low as 9*d.* a gallon retail, other London dealers still continue to charge 1*s.* In country towns it frequently happens that while one merchant is charging 1*s.*, another is getting 1*s.* 2*d.* or 1*s.* 3*d.* While petrol is cheap, it seems a pity that the consumer should not have the benefit of it. How long our motive spirit is to remain at a reasonable price is difficult to say. The consumption is, of course, steadily on the increase, and the supply of the crude oil has been, to some extent, interfered with. Owing to the partial destruction of oil properties in the Baku district, the supply of petroleum from South Russia has been greatly diminished. During the last three weeks, in the London market, refined American petroleum has risen 1¼*d.* a gallon, while refined Russian has gone up 1 5-16*d.* A rumour, too, foreshadows an understanding between the Standard Oil octopus and the Shell Transport, all of which goes to show that motorists will have to pay more for the necessary fluid.

The Stop-watch and the Sussex Magistrates

Though the unreliability and inaccuracy of the cheap stop-watch is notorious, yet magistrates all over the country still continue to accept, without demur, police evidence based on these so-called timekeepers. The following from the *Law Times* (a paper by no means in favour of motorists) may interest occupants of the bench. "The proceedings of certain Sussex magistrates, and their blind adherence to the 'evidence' of what they term a stop-watch, are certainly not calculated to inspire public confidence in the fair administration of the law. Such methods stand self-condemned in every lawyer's mind." This quotation refers more particularly to Sussex, but I hope other judicial worthies will ponder over it.

Fifty-Guinea 'Bus Fares

It will be remembered that a "Vanguard" 'bus lately achieved a record between London and Brighton. Travelling between these two towns it got caught in a trap near Handcross Hill—the perfect police watches credited it with a speed of *thirty-two miles an hour.* After such an achievement, the London Motor Omnibus Company realised that such a speed machine was wasted in England. As it was too late to enter it for the Vanderbilt Cup, they determined to ship the car across the Channel, and let it run riot on the French roads. Free from pill and patent medicine advertisements, this pride of the petrol-can is to start on November 18 and pursue its wild career through Rouen, Orleans, Montelimar, Avignon, Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, and back *viâ* Grenoble, Dijon, and Paris. Whether all the seats will be full when it leaves remains to be seen, but perhaps enough Frenchmen can be picked up *en route* to make it pay.

A new car for the Prince of Wales

The new Argyll Car which is to accompany the Prince and Princess of Wales to India

Cabby and Competition

The mobus, liked by many, is, I fear, a serious trade competitor to the London cabmen. If all the "Vanguards" went wandering round France and never came back, cabby would not mind. What with an electrified Underground, Twopenny Tubes, and mobuses, the man on the box is having a bad time. While, of course, better means of communication have told against him, personally, I believe that the hard times on which he has fallen are, in a measure, his own fault. To put it plainly, he's not business. Should he receive but his legal fare there is apt to be trouble. For the sake of a quiet life, those who travel in cabs generally pay him more than his right fare. Many, on this account, ladies especially, only take cabs when they are compelled too. If the length of a journey could be accurately ascertained, if cabby said "Thank you!" on receiving the exact amount due to him, and if, moreover, he would allow you to travel a single mile for sixpence, I really believe he would find a considerable increase in his weekly earnings. But taxameters and sixpenny fares are things which the London drivers refuse to have anything to do with. In Paris, nearly all the cabs have these little distance measurers fixed to them, and you can have 75 centimes' worth. The passenger can watch the dial, and see exactly his indebtedness; he gets his money's worth, there is no arguing, no annoyance, and both parties are satisfied. Our London cabby is not business; he suffers in consequence, and will continue to suffer, until he makes up his mind to be business.

"The Car" Road-book

Good maps, good road-books, are features of French motoring. The *cartes tarides*, as all who have used them know, are well-nigh perfect—the *guide-routier* issued by the Continental Tyre Company is, too, most useful. Seldom in this life does one ever get something for nothing; this excellent road-book is, however, free. Whether you use their tyre or not, it is to be had for the asking. Until quite lately, here at home, we have lacked a good road-book. Thanks to the enterprise of the Hon. John Scott Montagu, that want has now been filled. *The Car* road-book and guide aims at giving, in one handy volume, all necessary motoring information. The first part is a comprehensive gazetteer and directory of the United Kingdom, showing for every town of importance, and for a very large number of smaller places, the distance from London, the best road for getting to it, whether it has a railway station and telephone communication, the name of the best hotel and the quality of the accommodation provided, the names and addresses of repairers, garages, petrol dealers, and where accumulators can be charged. In addition to this information, concisely conveyed, the gazetteer portion gives a short description of each county of the United Kingdom, its topography, the condition of its roads, and its principal places of interest. A motorists' encyclopædia, a specially arranged series of routes, and a good map, are also included. The book is neat in appearance, and is such a time-saver that few motorists will grudge the 12*s.* 6*d.* asked for it.

Alfred C. Hunter.

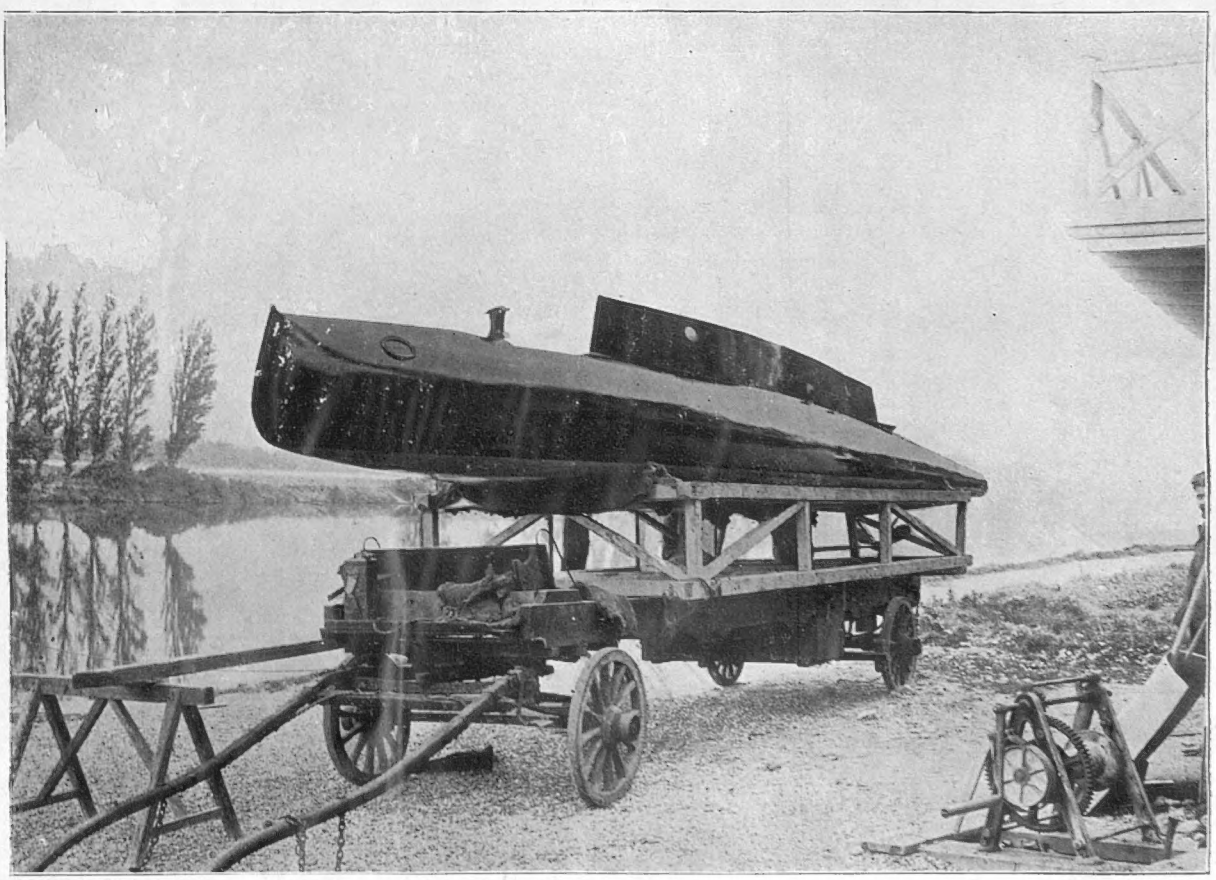

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The new De Dietrich racing boat

The bottom of the hull is quite flat, and the propeller-shaft lies beneath, connected to the 100 h.-p. engine by a chain. This method of transmitting power might well be found suitable in the case of motor-punts for river use

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The Editor's Box

The Doré Galleries

The Vologda Zemstvo, Russia, have arranged an Exhibition of Peasant Industries of Russia at the Doré Galleries, 35, New Bond Street, W., which opened Thursday last, the 19th inst.

Nelson Centenary Special Number

Of the Nelson Centenary publications that have blossomed forth lately in such profusion, one of the best that has come into our hands is that of the *United Service Gazette*. This "Trafalgar Centenary Number" contains forty-eight pages of Nelson pictures, printed in tints, with eight full-page colour-plates, and its price is sixpence.

Scene at a Theatre: The Obliging Kettle

An exciting scene took place recently during the performance of Maskelyne and Devant's Mysteries at St. George's Hall, Langham Place. While Mr. David Devant was dispensing all kinds of drinks from that obliging little utensil, now becoming so widely known as "The Mystic Kettle," a man shouted from the back of the pit, "Let's have a look at the glasses." Mr. Devant replied, "All right," and handed a couple of glasses to an attendant to take to the man. Almost immediately, however, the interrupter had mounted the steps in front of the stage, and was standing by the side of the astonished conjuror. Addressing the audience, the man said that the glasses contained some essence. The audience, who cheered Mr. Devant, evidently strongly resented the conduct of the intruder, for there were cries of "cad," "shame," "rival conjuror," and "turn him out." Mr. Devant at once called for a duster and wiped two glasses thoroughly out. He then asked a couple of gentlemen what drinks they would like him to pour from the kettle. One selected beer and another wine, and they expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied with the drinks. The intruder then retired from the theatre, and the audience gave Mr. Devant a very hearty round of applause.

Gun Accident Cancels a Mortgage

An £800 mortgage over a house has just been cancelled by the Scottish Temperance Life Office under rather peculiar circumstances. A farmer near Derby, named Wrench, went out one evening lately, as it was getting dark, taking his gun with him to shoot rabbits. He was found shot dead himself soon afterwards near a gate. It is thought that in getting through the gate, his gun may have accidentally gone off. The jury returned an open verdict. The farmer had only this year taken a mortgage from the Insurance Company, which contained a clause that in the event of death from any cause, his property should at once become free from the loan granted upon it.

The Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association

The Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association have been appointed Sole Agents for Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies and Dependencies, for the Leon Bollée cars.

The Book World

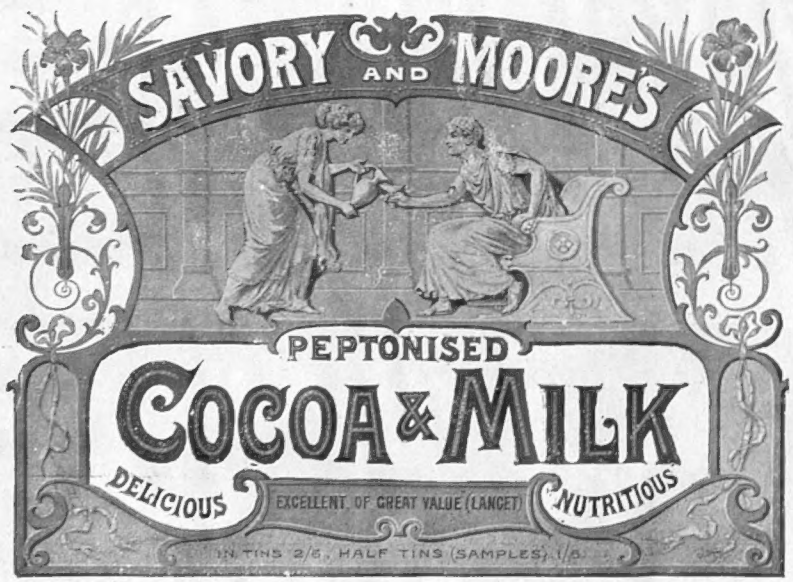
Mr. John Lane is publishing the promised book on Japan by Mr. Alfred Stead, entitled, "Great Japan: A Study in National Efficiency." An especial feature is a foreword by the Earl of Rosebery. It should be remarked that Mr. Alfred Stead's volume is not a war book; it is a particular appreciation of Japanese efficiency, throwing a great deal of light on the inner life of the Japanese, their morality and religion, domestic life, treatment of women, etc.

In writing of "A Legend of Montrose," Mr. Andrew Lang regretted that Scott did not attempt a romance of far wider scope and more largely tragical issue. The achievements and fortunes of the Great Marquis provided, he thought, "A Romance made for Sir Walter's hand." It has, however, remained for a late successor to make Montrose the central figure in a romance of the scope and issue of which Mr. Lang discerned the possibilities. In Mr. John A. Steuart's new story, "The Red Reaper," which is announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Montrose appears, as he was, the protagonist in a drama which, for intensity, rapidity, and brilliancy, is almost without parallel in our annals.

"Stars of Destiny" (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*) is the title of a new novel by Mr. L. Parry Truscott (author of "Motherhood," "As a Tree Falls," and "The Poet and Penelope.") It is the story of a young man with a heritage of artistic tastes and lofty ideals, who has spent his time in pursuit of the higher aims, and has given his sole love to a talented writer—the embodiment of all that is best and purest in womanhood. She is already married, but it is significant of the attitude in which the man and woman stand to each other that, although they are well known to be friends, not the faintest breath of scandal has ever been associated with their names. Just at the time of the husband's death, however, and when the man is at last free to claim the long-delayed fulfilment of his love, he meets temptation in the form of an alluring, but utterly commonplace girl, who reveals to him an unsuspectedly debased side to his nature, and makes him discontented with the old aspirations. Swayed between the two Stars of Destiny which he sees, for a time the balance in the scale tends towards his lower desires, but in the end the old dreams of perfection claim him, and the ideal love wins.

The New Waldorf Hotel

One of the noticeable features of the proceedings at the opening of the new street last week was the large stand, accommodating nearly 500, erected by Messrs. Waring and the Directors of the Waldorf Hotel, on the hotel site in Aldwych, which was gaily decorated. The guests included many influential people.



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